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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

GOVERNMENT IN INDIA'S NATIVE STATES

SOME months ago, we printed an Indian defense of native rule in India. Now comes the *Servant of India*, a weekly whose devotion to the cause of Indian self-government is above suspicion, protesting against the arbitrary powers that still remain in the hands of the native rulers. In this connection, it relates, upon 'unimpeachable authority,' the following acts of a well-known Indian prince in Western India: —

'A sirdar of his State happened to marry, with the full consent of her parents, a girl who belonged to a slightly higher caste than himself. The Prince, who considered himself the special guardian of the girl's caste, arbitrarily declared the marriage void, forced the girl to marry a creature of his own, and drove the sirdar out of the State, confiscating all his property. The sirdar had submitted a petition to the Political Agent, but, at the time the incident was related to us, had not succeeded in obtaining justice. The same Prince coveted a beautiful house built in his capital by a subject who had made money in Bombay. As the owner was not willing to part with it, one fine day he was suddenly arrested on some pretext and imprisoned in a cell without trial for several months; and was released only after pressure was brought to bear on the Prince from high political quarters. The prisoner's health was so shattered that he died shortly afterwards. His widow wanted to give away the coveted property in charity, but the Prince stepped in to prevent it and passed a rule that no properties should be dedicated to charitable purposes in his State without his sanction. Yet another achievement of this enlightened Prince — he has had British university education — was when his State was in the grip of a famine. He called a meeting of the citizens for organizing relief and promised to contribute a sum equal to the amount subscribed by them and became their treasurer. About 25,000 rupees were collected and passed on to the treasurer, but they never again saw the light of day. And the citizens dared not complain, though the famine naturally was most severe in the territory of that Prince. A system of government under which such misrule is possible is certainly rotten to the core.'

Evidently the new Legislative Assembly of British India does not share the admiration for native rule expressed in the defense to which we refer above; for it recently refused the Government permission to introduce a bill to reserve to the rulers of Native States

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the protection they enjoyed under the recently repealed Press Act. The Princes have despotic authority over one third of the area and one fifth of the population of British India. Many of them are men of ability, education, and cosmopolitan experience. Some have great wealth, and rule over subjects who are personally loyal to them. The Legislative Assembly, however, is clearly hostile to the form of government these rulers represent. The average Indian thinks the Native States and their sovereigns, to quote a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, 'all rotten.' A Nationalist newspaper writes: —

The administration in some Native States is about one hundred years behind the administration in British India. The hostility of native champions of self-government for the Princes may be explained partly by the class antagonisms promoted by western doctrines of equality, partly by enthusiasm for democratic institutions, and partly by the fact that governmental abuses in the Native States strengthen the argument of European critics, that the Indians are not competent to govern themselves.

The Simla correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* summarizes this antagonism as follows: —

One has not to be long in India to learn what the average educated Indian thinks of the Native States and their rulers. 'The fact is, they are all rotten. When we come into power we will sweep them off the face of the earth.' That is the pronouncement of an unsophisticated young Non-Coöperator. A moderate politician of some local repute says: 'When we get Swaraj the first thing we will do is to tax them and make them pay their fair share of the cost of defending India.' A Nationalist newspaper writes: 'The fact is, the administration in some Native States is about a hundred years behind the administration in British India.'

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RUSSIA AND TURKEY

Dr. Erick Sasse, recently at the head of the German Commercial Delegation at Kharkof, contributes an informing article to *Vossische Zeitung* upon the present relations between Soviet Russia and Turkey. He lays stress on the point that the character of the Government at Moscow itself does not affect materially Russia's foreign interests and foreign policies. No matter what the future government of Russia may be, it will continue the Soviet policy toward Turkey substantially unchanged, so long as the situation in the Near East preserves its present form. Soviet Russia may be greatly weakened economically, but she is still one of the greatest Powers, in respect to territory and population, in the world, and her political leaders, whoever they are, will never forget that fact.

Methods of foreign intercourse, however, have changed remarkably since the days of the Tsar. Business with neighboring governments is conducted in a free and easy way, hitherto rare or unknown among European powers. The Independent Soviet Republic of the Ukraine negotiates directly with the Government at Angora regarding matters that solely or mainly affect its interests, and this Republic has a separate treaty with the Turks. Naturally no conflict is permitted between arrangements made by an 'associated republic' like the Ukraine and those concluded by Moscow. They all run parallel with traditional Russian foreign policy in the Near East. The Turks and the Russians are agreed in wishing the Entente out of Constantinople. Whether Turkish control of the Dardanelles would affect the present friendly relation between the two governments is a question that only time will answer.

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SIR RENNELL RODD

Sir Rennell Rodd's *Memories*, of which we publish an Italian review this week, seem from the notices of the first

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volume in the British press, to aim at entertaining his readers rather than at elucidating the obscurer diplomatic history of his time. However, his defense of the old diplomacy, summarizing as it does the experience of thirty-five years in Great Britain's Foreign Service, is not without a lesson for nations that depend more on inspiration than on professional training in dealing with other governments.

To handle successfully relations with foreign countries, and in our case especially with Latin nations, to know what not to do, and especially when not to do it, requires a special training just as much as navigation or surgery. Whether a new diplomacy dictated largely by the press, and negotiations handled by Ministers, inevitably in a hurry in forty-eight hour conferences, — the necessity for which in moments of emergency I entirely recognize — are likely to lead to better results and a more cordial spirit in international relations, may be open to doubt. Experience rather leads me to see advantage in a buffer, intermediate between the protagonists with whom ultimate decision lies. In any case, in our country the interest in foreign questions is far more general than it used to be, and to some extent a new diplomacy must take the place of the old.

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LOOKING FORWARD

Pierre Mille sums up in *La Revue de Genève* the magazine debate between Maurice Barrès and Professor Klemper upon the future of the Rhine, which was reported in the *Living Age* some months ago. In the course of this judicial-minded summary, he attempts to reconcile the discordant views of both these writers as follows: —

'The day will come, though it perhaps is still distant — two or three hundred years from now, — when the capital of Western Europe will be on the Rhine. It will be an enormous and intimidating metropolis of ten to twelve million people, and the economic centre of the Western half of our continent. For capitals change their site to accord with our growing command over the forces of nature. In the old days, the Rhine was too large and too impetuous a stream to be the site of a great metropolis. It was not to be ascended with oars and sails. Our great cities were built upon smaller and more sluggish rivers — the Tiber, the Seine, the Thames. . . . It is not the same to-day. Nature and human conquest over nature dictate the site of this future giant metropolis, this capital. It will be an economic capital at first. But later? Can this predestined capital, seated athwart the Rhine and commanding her valley, be either German or French? No, a hundred times no! Neither nation will consent to that. . . . It would be well, therefore, it would be better for the world if we had an autonomous Rhenish State — as a predecessor, perhaps, of a great Federation of Western Europe in the days to come, an independent and neutral state whose neutrality shall be guaranteed by the Great Powers including the United States of America. . . . I do not know when this will come, but it will come because it is decreed by economic geography.'

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INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION IN THE ORIENT

Last November a representative of the Commercial and Industrial Bureau of Tokyo completed an inspection tour of China and other countries, where he studied in particular the causes for the decline that has occurred, since the war, in Japanese exports to her logical Asiatic customers. On his return he gave a timely warning to his countrymen that Chinese, Indian, and other markets are likely to be lost permanently, not because of European competition, but because those countries are

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rapidly reaching a point where they can produce goods more cheaply than Japan. For some years Japanese capitalists have been investing largely in Chinese factories, where labor is cheaper than in their own country. China possesses the additional advantage of producing her own raw materials, though the Japanese seaports are almost as accessible as her own for these commodities. Japanese industry must be saved, if at all, by producing finer and higher quality goods than her mainland competitors. This is a field in which she has not hitherto excelled, despite the unquestionable artistic endowments of her people.

According to a correspondent of the London *Observer*, an institution has been established at Munich, with three branches dealing, respectively, with Oriental trade, Oriental land and sea communications, and Oriental telegraph and press service.

The first is to encourage trade between all Eastern lands and to direct interchange of raw materials and manufactured goods between Europe and the East without the middleman; to arrange for the exhibition of Oriental goods in Oriental centres; and also to afford training to Eastern business men and to fit them for all commercial enterprises. The second organization is to help the opening up of new trade routes and the reconstruction of the old; and to encourage all Eastern navigation companies and such foreign companies as may be friendly and willing to help in facilitating communication between all Oriental ports. The third is to establish a 'Pan-Oriental Review' for furthering social, political, and industrial union in the East, and to counter enemy propaganda.

This society is establishing communications from Morocco, to China and Japan, and from Afghanistan to Turkestan. Many branches are in existence in other countries, both Eastern and Western, and it is already in friendly relations with two European Powers. In time this will have far-reaching effects.

A SOUTH SEA MANDATE

THERE has been some criticism in the Liberal English press of the way the mandates in the South Sea alliance, especially in the diminutive island of Nauru, are managed. Sir Joseph Cook, High Commissioner for Australia at London, thus answers, in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, the criticism that has appeared in the Liberal English press of the administration of the Australasian mandate over the phosphate-island of Nauru in the South Seas: —

1. The cheap phosphates alluded to could not be cheaply mined at all but for the amalgamation of the Nauru Island and of the Ocean Island deposit which has always been the property of the British Government, and with which the mandate has nothing whatever to do. Nearly half of the output comes from this island alone and not from Nauru.

2. Chinese are imported in small numbers because no other labor is available. There are fewer Chinamen now than were employed by the old company.

3. The native gets compensation and royalties, the latter amounting to 3d. per ton, as against ½d. per ton, payable under the old régime. His health and his education are being looked after as never before.

4. The principle of the Open Door is not violated; any nation is quite free to go, but there is nothing to go for. It is a one company job. There is only one deposit on a small island, and only room, therefore, for one company to work.

5. The Phosphate Commissioners are under the control of the Administrator in just the same way as any other individual on the island.

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RUSSIA'S CHURCH CONTROVERSY

DURING one of the church debates staged by the Soviet Government between Communist-Reformers and defenders of the orthodox religion, when it became evident that the Communists would otherwise force through a vote in

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their favor, a priest rose and asked permission to address the assembly very briefly. He walked to the platform and exclaimed: 'Christ is risen!' which is the usual Easter greeting among orthodox Russians. An unanimous, enthusiastic, 'In truth He is risen!' came from the audience, and the Communists decided it was useless to continue the debate.

All over Russia, if recent reports from that country are to be believed, people are debating religious questions. Often a Communist starts the discussion, because he wants to provoke disloyal statements from some 'suspicious character,' but he generally finds the auditors almost solidly against him.

Still, strong religious feeling is confined mostly to the older people, who believe that Russia's present misery is a divine punishment for her sins. Young folks have been demoralized by war, revolution, and Bolshevism, and care little about either religion or Communism. 'Their principal interest is in dancing-parties, theatres, and imitating Paris fashions.' Yet there is a rising tide of religious feeling in the community at large, that manifests itself in crowded churches and general eagerness to take part in church affairs. If the church choirs have been broken up, the parishioners themselves sing, a new custom in Russia; and if the regular reader is absent, there is always a volunteer to replace him. Little children are receiving special attention from church workers, and more stress than formerly is laid upon religious instruction. New organizations called 'brotherhoods' have sprung up in many city parishes and even in the country, 'for the defense of the church of the Christian faith.' These societies have nothing to do with politics, but are promoting public spirit and public conscience among the people. There seems to be no lack of candidates for the priesthood. Indeed, many believe that the Russian Church, filled as it is with this new spirit of self-direction in both spiritual and secular things, may prove the principal agency in Russia's political, as well as her ethical and religious regeneration.

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MINOR NOTES

THE Japanese are enthusiastic 'joiners,' and their country is notable for numerous societies and associations organized for every conceivable object. One of the oddest of those reported recently has been formed among the employees of the Department of Communications, to prevent the dispatch of profanity over the telegraph wires. It appears that the operators, who are government employees, are in the habit of carrying on long-distance quarrels, in which they employ language that does not come up to the traditional standards of samurai courtesy. It is suspected that some of the delays in the telegraph service, of which there is much complaint, are caused by operators giving billingsgate priority over commercial messages.

THE population of London, according to the census of 1921, after increasing steadily ever since the Great Plague, has now begun to decline. The drop in ten years is 37,162 — from 4,521,685 to 4,484,523.

However, this merely records the movement of population from the congested city-centre to the suburban zone. If the larger urban and semi-urban area — with a dozen or more towns of 50,000 or over in the immediate vicinity of London — the population is now larger than ever before — 7,480,201.

Cuba Contemporánea reports the organization — apparently under private

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auspices — of a 'mission of an economic character and at the same time of cultural propaganda and defense,' to visit Europe next year with the double object of securing new markets for Cuba's produce, and of educating Europe as to real conditions in Cuba. The Cuba Engineers Society has fitted out offices for gathering statistics, photographs, films, and other material to be used by the mission. The Government will also coöperate.

THE *Japan Advertiser* reports that Daisuke Akiha, the millionaire son of the inventor of the rickshaw, realizing that this convenient and picturesque vehicle of the East is on the road to extinction, is converting his great factory into a manufactory of baby carriages. The decline of the *kuruma*, as the rickshaw is known in Japanese, is due to the fact that labor, even in the densely populated countries of the Orient, is rapidly rising above the vehicle-pulling stage. This report opportunely confirms a statement in a thought-provoking article published in the *Living Age* of December 2: 'The "flivver" is about to emancipate millions of Asiatic coolies from the status of draft animals.'

IN spite of the high cost of living, students are thronging into the French universities in such unwonted numbers that the French educational authorities urge 'damming this flood which is beginning to prejudice the good order and the efficiency of our educational institutions.' There are now, in round numbers, fifty-one thousand enrolled. Attendance has increased in all courses except those of pure science, where there has been a small decline, due to the overcrowding of industrial and engineering pursuits. The University of Paris enrolled this year 21,612 students. None of the other sixteen universities of France even approximates this number. Lyon, which ranks second in point of attendance, having 3,000, while the smallest of these institutions, Besançon, has 334.

ARTHUR RANSOME, the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent at Moscow, gives the following details of Enver Pasha's death, upon the evidence of an eyewitness: —

On August 4, twelve versts (eight miles) from Baldjuan in Eastern Bokhara, the Red Army surrounded and destroyed a small force which was known to include Enver Pasha. After the fight, the body of Enver was recognized by the local population. It was dressed in 'English clothes' — I suppose this means khaki; Enver wore a khaki tunic as nearly as possible modeled after the uniform of an English officer — and a Turkish fez. In the pockets were two personal seals of Enver, private correspondence with one of his wives, a letter from his son in Berlin, a packet of Anglo-Indian newspapers, and correspondence *en clair* and in cipher. There were five machine-gun wounds in the body.

MARSHAL LYAUTEY, to whom France owes more than to any other individual the successful extension of her influence in North Africa, delivered an address at the Colonial Exposition in Marseilles, containing a passage that has widely been quoted: —

If we have achieved great things in Morocco, this is not due to my personal merit. It is due principally to the fact that I have been kept in my position for ten years; for a man of moderate ability can accomplish, during a long period of continuous service, what a genius would fail to accomplish in a position where the incumbent is constantly being changed.

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ITALY AT THE CROSSROADS

BY FILIPPO BURZIO

From *La Stampa, November* 23
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

Recent events have proved that the Italian monarchy still serves a purpose; and at the same time that critical danger threatens the stability of our governmental institutions. To these two primary phenomena a third is added: the rising resolution of the bourgeoisie to assert their political demands — a resolution that has manifested itself with disconcerting rapidity and has imposed upon the country the dictatorship of an antidemocratic élite of wealth. While this dictatorship has prudently accepted the monarchy, it has made the throne feel the weight of its hand.

We must suspend judgment at present regarding the two all-important features of this situation: the ability of the monarchy to tide us over the governmental crisis, and the likelihood that our middle-class dictatorship will prove either constructive or destructive.

Fascismo has accepted but one condition from the old régime — the monarchy. The attitude of the throne has been: Let us avoid a resort to force; let us negotiate. Regarded from the standpoint of temporary expediency, this seems a happy policy. It is as if we were to say: Do not stick at unessentials. Do not enslave yourself to custom. Avoid false heroics. Bow to the exigencies of the situation. The Fascisti are, after all, a strong body of Italians. What they propose to destroy — the old parliamentary Cabinet and the old popular Parliament — is, after all, a failure: as a mouthpiece of the people, it really has little value. The times are critical. Crucial problems have been delayed too long. We must not procrastinate another moment. Fascismo is a new force. It presents serious uncertainties, but it embodies an energy that, if repressed, may explode and tear us to pieces; but that directed into useful channels, may save us.

Let us, therefore, give the Fascisti a chance to show what they can do. Why not? The monarchy has sworn to uphold the constitution. But repeated invasions of the constitution by Parliament's statutory usurpations are quite another thing. Parliament's February vetoes were designed still further to curtail royal prerogatives, to Italy's harm.

For the stabilizing factors in the Government are already too weak. Parliamentary Government is merely a familiar expedient that has served a useful purpose in the past, but we must not make a fetish of it. The great violation of the constitution does not consist in the King's refusal to proclaim martial law at the demand of the old Cabinet, nor in the eventual formation of a non-Parliamentary Cabinet, but in the disregard of civic rights and the defiance of Government authority that preceded these.

Therefore, it would be historical irony, legal pettifogging, political hypocrisy, to argue that the Crown should have defended the Parliamentary system to the last ditch, when Parliament proved helpless to defend itself. The Fascisti were driven by the logic of

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facts to ally themselves, not with Parliament, but with the King. Thus the formal continuity of the Government is preserved.

This is the way the situation presents itself to an Italian, if in his effort to get a more general view, he omits all negative factors. Admitting that a Parliament paralyzed by Party factionalism was not worth defending, what are we to say of the institution that has taken its place? Here the plot begins to thicken. A definite and constructive political intention, aiming to remedy the failure of our governmental institutions and to restore the authority and stability of the State, has not yet emerged clearly to the vision of the nation from the whirlwind of interests and passions that has accompanied the birth of the new system — providing that it has been born at all.

All that we discern with certainty at present, is a seething sea of unbridled Nationalist megalomania, devoid alike of political sagacity or moderation of language, and scarce concealing in its turgid depths the monsters of class-hatred and brute passion. If our psychological intuition is exact, we may venture to say that the Fascisti movement, as represented by Mussolini and his political policy, has been forced to yield too much to that other aspect, represented by D'Annunzio and his florid rhetoric. It is the predominance, at least up to the present, of these negative elements in the Fascisti movement — political immaturity, unreflecting passion, exaggerated rhetoric, and the feud spirit — that gives pause to our approval. While its leaders are apparently eager to push forward constructive measures, conflicting interests are plainly at work — the interests that have put in power a plutocratic élite. To be sure, this kind of backing may be necessary for the moment, because a governing group, drawn from eager and aggressive business-circles, may achieve positive political results that will stabilize and strengthen the public authority. But if peace is to result, it is all-essential that this egoism be at least intelligent.

From 1860 to the present time, from the days of our old unquestioning obedience to the days of defiant disobedience typified by D'Annunzio, Government authority in Italy has steadily declined. Unerring political instinct is required accurately to diagnose such a disease. A mind captivated by the unthinking optimism and quasi-Socialist theories of the pre-war period, interpreting all political phenomena in terms of technical or economic progress, is as incapable of comprehending this, as is the Nationalist rhetorician of to-day. After the great, inspiring epoch of the *Risorgimento* there was a disastrous let-down. The backbone of Italy — the political intelligentsia of the North — was overburdened by the weight of the vast, inert body of old Italy then annexed to Piedmont. The new territories added no new vitality, but merely new honor to the Government. What followed was like the dilution of a strong liquor with water. The Left grew weaker than the Right. Crispi's megalomania prepared the ground for Rudini's régime, with its virtual abdication of Government authority. The last attempt to assert the power of the Government failed in 1898. Giolitti's political instinct taught him to place the slightest possible strain upon the weak organism of the State. As early as 1914, after our Tripoli fiasco, the 'Red Week' showed how critical conditions were.

Let me recapitulate my points once more: First came Giolitti's Ministry, then the Monarchy, to-day Fascismo.

Consider our intervention in the War. Advocates of neutrality justified their policy ethically and politically by

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their consciousness of the organic weakness of our Government, of the national peril involved of exposing it to the strain of war. Compared with their sense of sober responsibility, the superficial recklessness of the war-agitators is painful to contemplate. A providential victory forestalled in part a complete catastrophe. But the effects are seen in our post-War crisis. The disintegration of the State has been hastened, the growing weakness of the parliamentary caste has been aggravated. In Italy the last real display of governmental energy was Giolitti's resolute action in the case of Fiume. But this brief spasm of authority was followed by the Communists' seizing factories, by the exploits of the Fascisti, by Bolzano, Naples, and the march on Rome. We had an armed revolt; the army was hissed; and purely negative forces finally gained the upper hand. This victory without striking a blow, this occupying the Government in a parade without meeting real resistance, was a symptom of senility, of the corruption of death. How vastly different such an episode from the steady progress of great reform-movements in England, from the delirious violence of a French Revolution! These things suggest sad memories in our history: the *particolare* of Guicciardini; the *corruttela* of Macchiavelli; Venice at Campoformio. The spectre of the 'Carnival Nation' again rises before us: the Venezuela of Europe!

The relations between the champions of the Fascisti and their enemies reproduce the relations that existed before the War between advocates of intervention and advocates of neutrality. The only difference is that the pro-Fascisti now have a somewhat better case, because during the interval our problems have become better defined. We witness the manifestation of a new force in our race. Beneath the scoria of our senility there is obscurely moving the germinating life of a coming era. From 1860 down to the present, we have had repeated evidence that step by step with the decadence of the Government something youthful and vigorous was forming in its place. The Risorgimento has not been barren. The industrial development in North Italy, the re-blossoming of our culture are positive facts. Everywhere are symptoms of a new vitality, though for the time being it manifests itself in excesses. We must wait for it to ripen. We failed to see the true meaning of the European War; we blundered both in our way of entering the war and in our conduct of the war; we were not unaided victors in that conflict; we failed to develop great military leaders; none the less, the Italian people themselves fought valiantly. That is a capital fact. No State can survive without military qualities.

We have also given evidence of social vitality. The Socialist movement itself, though based upon an imported doctrine, though falling in with our ancient Italian vice of hostility to the State, is notwithstanding a mighty movement. It stands for the first awakening of the masses, the vehicle through which the proletariat is becoming the people. The early conquests of Socialism have been premature. Its political prestige passed with 1919 and 1920. Our unexpected reaction to the threat of Bolshevism revealed the essential vigor of other classes, that are better fitted as yet to furnish the rulers of the people. Meanwhile, the Christian Socialism of the Popular Party made rapid headway among the peasants. I do not mean to say that all went well, that such movements represent positive progress in every respect. Cross-currents and back currents invariably are present in such evolution. But the phenomena I de-

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scribe are not without pertinence and meaning. They are symptoms of processes of organic reconstruction working at the base of society. . . .

Some signs are favorable, others — the reverse. The wisdom of the Fascisti in accepting the monarchy, the readiness their leaders have shown to assume responsibility, the apparent moderation of their foreign policy, their general recognition that institutional crises are in Italy an organic necessity, if we are ever to reach political stability, are all to the credit of the new régime. Its first ministerial acts are too recent to be judged upon their merits. They seem to predict a financial policy dictated by a plutocratic caste, but perhaps by an energetic and efficient one.

The standing weaknesses of the Fascisti reside in the D'Annunzio spirit, which is widely diffused even among our plutocrats. Their greatest handicap is the method by which they have won power. Their victory rests on their illegal military organizations, their 'Fifth Estate.' Such methods are never safe from degenerating eventually into a prætorian dictatorship and chronic Mexican revolution, instead of evolving into a wholesome, sober, constitutional Government.

If there is to be a constructive policy, the Fascisti must not abuse their victory. However, Mussolini's first delivery in Parliament seemed to promise the contrary; it was a glorification of military methods. . . . Parliament is not to have the right to appoint and recall Cabinets, but merely to debate, approve, and amend statutes. In order that we may have authority, responsibility, vigor, and consistent public policies in Italy, the Cabinet must be more or less autonomous. Mussolini evidently advocates a constitution, like that of Germany before the war, under which he can inaugurate his Cromwellian régime. But on what will he found it? In Germany there were the Hohenzollerns, the Junkers, the army, Prussian feudalism. During our momentary emergency the monarchy, the plutocratic élite, and the Fascisti militia may be enough; but to-morrow? Italy is a fickle country. Her political structure, her historical traditions, her monarchy based upon the will of the democracy, cannot be brushed aside with a mere oratorical gesture.

A reform Parliament, brought up to the point of maximum efficiency, would perhaps be the best solution, especially if we could reinvigorate the Senate by giving our important industrial and labor groups direct representation in that body. Let us not impair any power of the State. Let us not weaken any force in the community, especially that of the working people who are already too hard hit.

After all, Fascismo is but an episode. . . . The essence of that movement may be defined by its worthiest function: the suppression of Bolshevism. Here, again, extremes meet. We see in Russia a Bolshevist élite overwhelmed with its own blunders, crimes, and errors, still standing intact, emerging slowly from the lowest depth of misery, holding the country firmly in its grasp, taking the first faltering steps toward reconstruction. The men who charge Russian Bolshevism with denying its own principles, who assert that Western capitalism has conquered, see no deeper than the surface. Bolshevism has not been destroyed, because it is not mere idealism, not mere Communism; it is a *fascio*, a bundle of vital forces, of tremendous political energies that, regardless of the means it uses, smashes a path through to its historical goal. Behold its still defiant challenge to the West, its titanic labors in Asia. Bolshevism is an indigenous organism whose heart throbs at Moscow.

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In a more modest and far less tragic way, with all our Macchiavellian variations of race, whatever is vital and forceful in contemporary Italy has rallied to Fascismo. That, too, is a whirlpool of violence, but it is not heedless and destructive alone, not without future service. Italy, like Russia, is not a Central America. It is not segregated from European history. Of all the forces that have manifested themselves in Europe since the war, Fascismo is the only one that forms the negative pole to Bolshevism. Like Bolshevism, it, too, is a myth-maker; it, too, has its hierarchy; it, too, radiates forces far beyond the frontiers of the nation. The Fascisti are obscurely conscious of this when they proclaim the world-wide significance, the imperishable historical significance of their movement. But this is not true to the extent they imagine. If France, and England, and America are immune to Fascismo, as they are immune to Bolshevism, it is not because they lag behind us, but because they are ahead of us. Their government and society are more stable, their evolution has attained a higher level. We are now suffering from a crisis of growth; but it is better thus to suffer than not to grow.

RUSSIA'S POLICY IN CHINA

BY A. A. JOFFE

[We print the address delivered by the Soviet Ambassador to Peking on the fifth anniversary of the Russian Bolshevist Revolution, as an official statement of the programme and propaganda of his Government in Eastern Asia. The North China Herald *comments, in printing it: 'The attempt to reconcile the Soviet's determined grip on Mongolia with the plea that it is not a land-grabber, is instructive in its duplicity and amusing in its clumsiness.']*

From the *North China Herald, November* 18
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

ON this day five years ago the Russian workers and peasants won a victory over their oppressors and took the power into their hands. One of the first steps of the new Workers' and Peasants' Government was the well-known Decree on Peace: in this decree those principles were laid down for the first time in history, with whose substantiation alone true peace is possible on earth, and a real friendly coöperation of peoples, instead of permanent mutual strife and enmity.

Having declared that every people has itself the right to decide its own fate, and having proclaimed the right of all the peoples — of those even on whom the so-called civilized nations look as barbarians — to self-determination going as far as severance from the State to which they had formerly belonged, the Russian Republic was perfectly consequent during the five years of its existence in carrying through this policy and putting it into life.

You all know, gentlemen, that New Russia has never forced the will of

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those peoples which formerly had constituted a part of the former Russian Empire. When those peoples wished to separate from Russia, not only did the Workers' and Peasants' Russia not make any difficulties or hamper them, for all the economic, and sometimes, the political disadvantages of such policy, but, in her negotiations with those Republics desirous to be independent, she went a good way to meet their wishes. Different from the imperialistic States, which use the principle of self-determination of peoples in their selfish interests alone, with a view to creating such abnormal newly formed States as cannot possibly exist economically or politically, Russia, on the contrary, has often sacrificed her interests so as to meet half-way the wish of self-determined peoples to gain their freedom and independence, and help them in creating a national State that could exist by itself, economically and politically.

This fact is quite sufficient to refute all the reproaches that are made against the Workers' and Peasants' Power, which is being accused of insincerity, of aggressive aspirations, and of so-called Soviet Imperialism. 'Soviet Imperialism' is an absurdity. Indeed, a people which has just freed itself from oppression and has strained all its forces for the struggle against the onslaught of world-imperialism cannot pursue imperialistic tendencies in its policy. Whereas Soviet Russia did not hamper the separation of a whole series of States which, before, had constituted her sole power, there can be no doubt at all that she has no imperialistic aims against other peoples or States. We only wish that all the peoples — and even the people of China fighting for its national freedom — would, in their mutual relations with other peoples, as, for instance, with the Mongolian people, be as consequent and as little imperialistic as the Russian people has remained towards small nations.

While efforts are being made to use against us the Mongolian question, this is done solely with a view to discrediting the Workers' and Peasants' Power, which is so greatly sympathetic with and held in such high esteem by all oppressed peoples and classes. There is no one, however, who could prove or so much as sincerely believe that Russia — the Russia of to-day — pursues any selfish and imperialistic interests whatsoever either in the Mongolian or any other question.

I have been able to point out repeatedly that the stationing of Russian troops in Mongolia concerns Chinese interests no less than Russian interests; and while, in the name of my people and Government, I reject energetically the demand for their withdrawal from Urga, the only reason is that I am totally convinced that not only would this be impossible at the present moment, from the viewpoint of Russian interests, but that it would be impossible also from the viewpoint of real Chinese national interests rightly understood — let alone the interests of the people of Mongolia still energetically demanding the Russian forces be left in Outer Mongolia. It is clear to everyone who would take the trouble of careful and substantial study of this question, that the demand to withdraw those troops serves only the interests of enemies of Russia and China and of Mongolia herself. On the other hand, I have had the opportunity to declare repeatedly that under no circumstances does Russia wish to force her will upon China, and that, therefore, I did not even demand that Russo-Chinese negotiations should be started immediately — thereby leaving the initiative, in this question also, to the Chinese people themselves. Naturally Russia is most interested

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that the two neighboring peoples, entertaining friendly feelings one toward the other, with a common frontier for thousands of miles, should end those abnormal conditions prevailing during the last five years, and come to an agreement on all questions, with a view to establishing normal political, diplomatic, and trade relations in which both peoples are so greatly interested. If, however, this could lead to suspicion being aroused as to any selfish, interested, or imperialistic aims being contemplated, I was ready to wait till the people of China should themselves propose to us such negotiations.

In the persons of those intellectuals who are the real representatives of true national interests of China, and who to a great extent are themselves represented here, the people of China have quite unambiguously voiced their will and desire the above-described mutual relations should be established with Russia of to-day. It may be, indeed, that it was under pressure of this will of the Chinese people that the Government of the Republic had proposed to me an immediate opening of negotiations. These, however, could not be started up to now: first, because of my being away at the Changchun Conference, and, now, owing to my illness. But I firmly hope that as soon as I shall be on my feet again — which may be within a few days — the Russo-Chinese Conference can be opened.

At the same time, my belief is not so firm that the negotiations, once they are started, will be satisfactory and such as both peoples — the Russian and the Chinese — desire. As I have confirmed officially, Russia is willing to conduct negotiations with the Chinese people in the spirit of her Declarations of 1919 and 1920; therefore, not only is Russia willing to forbear entirely from the violent and imperialistic policy of the Tsarist Government — a policy hostile to China — but she claims nothing from China. As I had already pointed out, the only question wherein Russia has all reason and full right to expect from the Chinese people that it will understand and satisfy her rightful interests, is that of the Chinese Eastern Railway: indeed, this line, which crosses Chinese territory, unites two parts of Russian territory, and, as the Russian people, exhausted as they are by their sacrifices in the world war and the struggle against imperialist intervention, lack the means to build just now a new railway branch in Russia's own territory, it must inevitably accept this only heritage of the Tsar's régime, which is gone for ever. But in this issue also, all that Russia hopes for is that her interests in the question of the Chinese Eastern Railway will be understood and satisfied by China, and that necessary guaranties will be given.

I would believe that the Chinese 'intelligentsia' — the true representatives of the people of China — understanding and desiring to satisfy Russia's rightful and real interests, will bring their influence to bear, in this sense: that alien influences hostile both to Russia and to China shall not be allowed to spoil Russo-Chinese mutual relations at the present moment, when it has been proved that the claims of the so-called Russo-Asiatic Bank of a title to the Chinese Eastern Railway are grounded on falsehood and do not exist in reality. It should be perfectly clear, methinks, that the Chinese Eastern Railway issue is altogether a question between Russia and China alone, and that all foreign influences therein are totally out of place and must not be taken into account. And, lastly, now that it has been proved exactly that this railway has been all but ruined under the present management, and that the

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latter has been acting not so much in the interests of the line itself as in those of their own enrichment, the substitution of another management, more honest and more efficient, is a most urgent matter and, again, a question altogether and solely between Russia and China.

I have no doubt whatsoever that, on condition that the Chinese people will themselves, in the persons of representatives free from alien influences, carefully watch the Russo-Chinese negotiations, the results will be favorable, and the outcome of the conference will be to consolidate by treaty the friendship that has already been established between you and us, but has not yet been fixed in any juridical form.

I greet you once again, gentlemen, and, unwilling to indulge in polemics with our common foes and refute all their insinuations and calumnies against us, I only ask you to-day, on the fifth anniversary of the great Russian Revolution, to look carefully at the five-year history of this Revolution and satisfy yourselves, by the study of actual deeds and facts of our policy, that all charges to the effect that we are insincere and that we pursue some secret objects towards China are only lies. All our policy was and still is being conducted openly and publicly; there is no secret for anyone.

If you look at it closely, you will be satisfied that we, quite as sincerely as yourselves, pursue no other aim but frank and open friendship with the people of China. On our part, we trust that the Chinese people will take the same stand towards us. I wish that our commemoration in common to-day of the anniversary of our great Revolution might make still stronger the bonds that have already been established between us.

HOW THE GERMAN REVOLUTION STARTED

BY * * *

From *Revue Bleue, November* 18
(Paris Nationalist Literary and Political Semimonthly)

It was a rainy day, not very cold. Ledebour, Haase, Landsberg, and Oskar Cohn, all leaders of the Independent Socialists, had been working tooth and nail for several months to organize a revolution. Meanwhile, Count Hertling, the Chancellor of the Empire, and Prince Max of Baden, his successor, looked on apathetically.

The privation and misery of the people had reached such a point, the mutinous spirit in the army had been growing so rapidly since the failure of the big spring offensive of 1918, that the German Government did not dare to take vigorous measures to suppress the symptoms of revolution that were manifest on every side. Since August and September of the previous year there had been in Germany, according to the admission of the highest officers of the army, two hundred thousand deserters, who had gone home on furloughs and refused to rejoin their

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regiments. Among them were twenty-seven thousand officers, mostly belonging to the Reserve. The prisons were so full that no one thought of arresting these people. This army of rebellious spirits was being worked upon by trade-union leaders, and most of its members were themselves trade-unionists. Everywhere Ledebour, helped with the money that Joffe, the Soviet envoy at Berlin, was supplying with the utmost liberality, was organizing workers' and soldiers' councils among these people. Prince Max of Baden expelled Joffe from Berlin a few days before the revolution actually broke out, but too late to remedy the situation.

Therefore everything was organized in advance. Each leader was assigned his duties; the uprising was to start simultaneously with the naval mutiny at Kiel on the fifth of November. But Prince Max of Baden thought he might still divert the movement by persuading the Emperor to abdicate. Thereupon Scheidemann took matters in his own hands, and forced Prince Max to announce officially that William had abdicated, although the latter was still at Spa, clinging desperately to his title of King of Prussia. Erzberger, whose influence might have turned the course of the revolution if he had been present, had left the night before to negotiate the armistice terms with Marshal Foch, and thus avert the imminent peril of an invasion of Germany by the victorious armies of the Allies.

We should note here that since the beginning of November the German forces stationed back of the front had become completely demoralized. For instance, on the morning of November 9, there appeared at the Kaiserhof Hotel in Berlin, the son of a Schleswig member of the Prussian Parliament. He was a cavalryman stationed with his regiment in Argonne, but had left his post of his own motion, and was simply on his way home, without let or leave from his military superiors.

So Scheidemann, supported by Ebert and other influential members of the Social Democratic party, mounted the tribune of the Reichstag about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, November 9, and proclaimed the abdication of the Emperor and the inauguration of the Republic. Only a few soldiers, Independent Socialists, trade-union leaders, and curious spectators from the general public were present to witness this proceeding.

Immediately afterward, however, there was a general turning-out of the populace throughout the city. Army trucks filled with armed soldiers wearing red bands on their arms, took up their position at every street corner, and patrolled every important avenue, arousing curiosity but inspiring no fear in the apathetic crowds. The universal misery of the last few months had made the people indifferent to anything but questions of food, fuel, and clothing.

Liebknecht, who had just been set free, drove through Leipzigerstrasse in a cab, accompanied by Rosa Luxemburg, shouting: 'Long live the Republic.' He waved a red flag to the cheering spectators. An impromptu constabulary was organized to control traffic in the principal streets. This service was performed by private soldiers and civilians wearing red armbands and carrying rifles. Here and there, armed groups set up machine guns, and the sound of rifle shots was heard from the vicinity of Potsdamerplatz and the Reichstag Building. Rumors were current that the Potsdam garrison had remained loyal to the Emperor, and was marching on the city, via the Tiergarten. Almost instantly the police force of the old government wholly vanished. The streets were in the possession of the mob, and

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the disbanded soldiers. Shops speedily put up their shutters and locked their doors; but there was no pillaging.

I found myself in Potsdamerplatz about eleven o'clock that morning. A volley crackled from the roof of the War Office. I sheltered myself behind the little telegraph office at the entrance to Leipzigerplatz, vainly trying to discover what the firing was all about. I concluded that soldiers were merely shooting into the air to intimidate would-be enemies of the revolution.

Meanwhile, the crowd was heading toward the Royal Palace, where it forced the doors, pillaged the apartments, and carried off whatever of value it could find. They were led by a young Jew named Schlessinger, who as recently as the previous evening had been doing duty in the prison camp at Döberitz. This man personally lowered the imperial flag from the palace, and raised a red flag in its place. Then he installed himself at the War Office without further authority as the representative of the Committee of Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, and took charge of the prison service. He is still, I believe, comfortably installed in this desirable and conservative berth. He was one of the men who were shrewd enough to turn the revolution to personal profit from the very beginning.

While this was taking place, all the friends, comrades, relatives, and henchmen of the big trade-union leaders affiliated with the revolutionary movement, gathered either at the Prussian Parliament House, the Reichstag Building, or the Imperial Chancellery in Wilhelmstrasse, each seeking a strategic position in which to 'dig himself in.'

Those army deserters who entered the service of the revolution, and the members of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, were paid a daily allowance of from thirty to fifty marks. This speedily rallied reinforcements to the banners of those who were attacking the existing order. Everybody began to regard the revolution as a gift from Heaven, a sort of universal dispenser of manna.

The bureaucrats, no matter how conservative or reactionary, remained tranquilly at their desks, complacently looking on while representatives of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils installed themselves by their sides to keep watch on all they did. The old régime had collapsed practically without resistance, as if it had fallen of its own weight. In less than twenty-four hours a new government was set up, and not a single henchman or officer of the Kaiser lifted a finger in protest.

Saturday evening was given over to a public celebration. Revolutionists took up their quarters wherever it pleased them. The Reichstag Building became the general rendezvous for disbanded soldiers. These were joined by their wives and children, and made their homes in the building, so that for several days the corridors and legislative chambers were littered with scraps of food, waste paper, and empty tins and cartons. The following January, when the new authorities renovated the building, all the furniture and hangings had to be replaced. They were marred, cut, broken, torn, and soiled. It took fifteen days to clean the building, exterminate the vermin that abounded everywhere, and make the needed repairs.

What was the Reichstag doing when the revolution broke out? Herr Fehrenbach, its President, vanished like a flash the instant the first revolting soldiers appeared in the corridors. In the twinkling of an eye the four-hundred-and-odd Deputies scattered in every direction without even stopping to collect their pay. The *sauve qui peut*

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was as general as it was ridiculous; for there was not the slightest real danger. Things would certainly have turned out differently if the Reichstag had stuck to its guns, declared itself in permanent session, and taken the head of the movement. One might say with much truth that the German revolution succeeded because everybody shirked his duty.

The outbreak was not confined to Berlin. It started simultaneously on the same Saturday or the following Sunday morning, in other parts of the empire. Telegrams poured in by the thousands, reporting that Workers' and Soldiers' Councils had taken over the government in every nook and corner of the country. These councils had been ready to move at once when the signal was given.

Equally sudden and simultaneous was the disappearance of all the reigning princes and their courts. No revolution in history ever came off with such rapidity and éclat. Already trains packed with soldiers without their officers were returning from the front, discharging their human freight in the railway stations of Berlin. The mutinous sailors from Kiel detrained with great pomp, and marched to the quarters assigned them at the imperial stables. From that moment they were the most ardent and determined defenders of the revolution.

The universal, spontaneous, almost absurd ease and celerity with which the affair had been pulled off upset all my ideas of what a real revolution was like. I gazed, astounded, while what had seemed to be one of the most stable and solid autocratic governments in the world, venerable with its five centuries of history, was overthrown as easily as one might shift the scenes in a theatre.

Toward evening I took a taxicab — for the taxis were running just as usual — for Potsdamerplatz, anxious to confirm once for all my impression that the whole affair would pass off as peaceably as it had begun. When we reached the Potsdam Railway Station, I found machine guns in position. The streets were barricaded, and the Square was thronged with soldiers. It seemed they expected an attack, which, however, was never made. So I had to make quite a détour to reach Anhalt Station, near which one of my friends, who was a member of the Reichstag, had his lodgings. I found the gentleman calmly seated with a friend in a restaurant before a bottle of champagne. I was thunderstruck. 'How is this? Is this the way you mourn the overthrow of a Government that you praised to the skies only yesterday?'

'What would you have me do?' my friend replied laconically. 'I bide my time.' To-day he is an Ambassador of the new Government.

The next day I called at one of the hotels in the centre of the city to see Herr Hanssen, a Danish deputy from the unassimilated part of Schleswig-Holstein, and to learn what he could tell me. He was chatting with several political friends, who were discussing the armistice conditions, which had just been made public. Among them was Frau Breitscheid, wife of an Independent Socialist member of the Reichstag, who told us with all seriousness that a world-revolution had started, that Paris was in revolt, and — listen to this — that Marshal Foch had been assassinated and Poincaré was in flight!

This lady vouched emphatically for the truth of these reports. They merely made me smile.

Now, Frau Breitscheid was the wife of a man who was later to be Germany's Minister of Foreign Affairs, a man whom the Socialists consider even to-day one of the most competent leaders in the country for that office.

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EGYPT'S GREATEST REVELATION

BY PERCY E. NEWBERRY

[*We reprint two articles describing the astounding archæological discoveries made in the Valley of the Kings by Mr. Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon. The first is from the* Daily Telegraph *of December 4; the second, by Professor Percy E. Newberry, is from the* Morning Post *of December 6. Professor Newberry is reader in Egyptian Art at the University of Liverpool. Going to Egypt first on an archæological survey, he spent eighteen years near Thebes, sometimes excavating, but more usually interpreting and copying the inscriptions on tombs of state. He is now studying the literature of ancient Egypt, and has for many years been engaged on a handbook dealing with all aspects of Egyptian research.*]

I

AFTER seven years of fruitless labor Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter have brought to light in the famous Valley of the Kings, on the site of ancient Thebes, treasures beyond present reckoning. No part of Egypt has been more carefully surveyed and excavated than this, and even some of the most optimistic archæologists believed that little if anything of first-rate importance remained hidden. Indeed, all excavators but Mr. Carter seem to have abandoned the valley. The district is familiar to tourists, and the precise spot of the present discoveries can be best indicated by stating that it is beneath the tomb of Rameses VI, who belonged to the Twentieth Dynasty.

Mr. Carter is not only an enthusiast, but a brilliant excavator, with a wonderful flair for such work. But even though he may have known that his patient work had at last disclosed a royal tomb, he could scarcely have guessed at the value and extent of the contents. Having come upon the outer doors, Mr. Carter telegraphed to Lord Carnarvon. Within the outer door they found sixteen steps. Descending these, they reached the sealed inner doors. It is not difficult to imagine the suppressed excitement beneath their outward scientific calm as they effected entrance, nor to picture their dazzled bewilderment as they looked upon such treasures as they scarce believed the eye of man would ever see. There, for example, before their eyes was the state throne of King Tutankhamon of the Eighteenth Dynasty. Never before had a state throne been discovered, and here it was, of transcendent beauty.

The mere catalogue of the objects of art and beauty contained in the first chamber entered reads like a chapter from a fairy tale or a romance of Sir Rider Haggard. The *Times* Cairo correspondent tells of three magnificent state couches, all gilt, with exquisite carving and heads of Typhon and Hathor; of beds of carved gilt, inlaid with precious stones; of innumerable boxes of exquisite workmanship; of a gilt chair encrusted with turquoise, cornelian, lapis, and other precious stones, and bearing portraits of the king and his queen.

Also meeting the gaze of the astonished excavators were life-seized bitumized statues of the King, four chariots encrusted with stones and overlaid with gold, royal robes, musical instruments, alabaster vases of hitherto unknown design, pottery, relics of war, and, possibly more illuminating than all else, a box containing rolls of papyri.

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So far nothing is known in this country of the further chambers, beyond the fact that they are packed from floor to ceiling with similar treasures.

So much do we owe to the Egyptian belief in a future life. Everything that could be desired at the resurrection was laid in the tombs of the great, and in this tomb were found enormous quantities of provisions — trussed duck, haunches of venison, and such-like, all carefully packed in boxes similar to that in the British Museum, in which mummified pigeons and other birds were made ready for Thothmes III.

Already, as the modern way is, speculation is rife regarding the value in pounds sterling of the discovered treasures. One commentator puts the figure at three millions. But the intrinsic or extrinsic worth of the things is of secondary importance. The aim of such patient investigators as Mr. Carter and Lord Carnarvon is simply that of all wholehearted scholars or scientists — to add to the sum of human knowledge. That they have done that is certain.

In the first place, the King Tutankhamon, who has been little more than a legendary figure, becomes at once an historical personage whose personal appearance and mode of life three thousand years ago become actual. Of the little that was known of him previously the most important was that he brought back the old religion of Amon, and in Karnak, restored to its former splendor, dedicated new monuments to the ancient god. Akhenaton, his father-in-law, whom he succeeded, had done his best to obliterate the name of Amon in his fanatical devotion to Aton. But it is doubtful if the great mass of the people were affected. Religious attachments are not easily broken, and Tutankhamon's reversion to the old allegiance was possibly a popular move on the part of a new king not of royal birth.

The reading of the papyri will be awaited with the keenest anticipation, for if, as is surmised, they relate to religious matters, there are few periods of ancient Egyptian religious history upon which light will be more welcome. A good deal is known of the 'heretical' worship owing to the work which for two years past has been caried out at the city of Tel-el-Amarna, in which, deserting Thebes, Akhenaton established the cult of Aton, or the Disk of the Sun.

The discoveries have naturally excited enormous interest among archæologists and Egyptologists, for none commensurate with them has been made in recent years. Sir Ernest Budge, Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, remarks an interesting sidelight in the unearthing of ancient Egyptian coffins in the similarity between present-day burial rites of the Chinese and those of the Egyptians thousands of years before Christ, notably the preparation of delicacies for the King's refreshment on his journey to the next world. The actual tomb of Tutankhamon has not yet been opened up, but it is highly probable that it awaits the excavators in the third or innermost chamber.

Professor Flinders Petrie, whose pupil Mr. Carter in some sort is, is naturally highly gratified by the success which has rewarded such careful and painstaking work. In an interview published in the *Times* he said: —

'It is evident that one of the full-sized royal tombs with several chambers has been discovered. Although many of the things mentioned in the message are known to us, undoubtedly several are entirely new and have not come to light in any previous discoveries. We have never had an untouched group of king's furniture before. Among the most interesting finds are the throne of the king, the quaint bronze-gilt musical instruments, the royal robes, and the

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elaborate alabaster vases. We have never had a throne before. We only know it in representations. The finding of the throne is indeed a novelty.'

With regard to the suggested robbery of the tombs, Professor Flinders Petrie said that the famous Abbott papyrus and other documents concerned with the robberies of the royal tombs gave a full account of the attack on the tombs in the reign of Rameses X and the trial of the thieves. 'It looks,' he added, 'as if the tomb now discovered has been robbed of all the gold. Apparently there are no precious metals left except the surface gilding. From the telegram, it is pretty evident the place had been attacked by robbers, but closed very early before much damage had been done. The fact that the things are in confusion seems to prove this.'

A good deal of concern is felt at the ultimate destination of the objects discovered. By law they belong to the Egyptian Government, the director of the Museum at Cairo in practice taking half, and leaving the excavator half. He has, however, first choice, and lately, contrary to former practice, explorers have been left with very little of worth. It is obviously unwise to discourage the work of archæologists, and it is hoped that Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter will be treated generously. Lord Carnarvon is certainly deserving of reward, for he has given time and money for sixteen years past in the work of bringing to light the hidden things of the ancient Theban Empire.

Mr. Carter first went to Egypt in connection with archæological research with Mr. Flinders Petrie in 1892. In the previous year, Mr. Petrie had discovered the royal palace of Akhenaton. This discovery was a notable revelation, for it disclosed the technical and artistic perfection of the craftsmanship of the time and afforded evidence of intercourse with the contemporary civilization of Knossos. Mr. Carter's first independent discovery was that of the tomb of Thutmose IV, in 1902. In the year following he came upon that of Hatshepsu. In 1905 Mr. Arthur Weigall, — late Inspector-General of Antiquities to the Egyptian Government, — working with Mr. Quibell, discovered the tomb of Yuaa and Tuau, the father and mother of Queen Tiy (1400 B.C.). That was a considerable find, yielding gilded coffins, chariots, chairs, beds, and so forth. Mr. Weigall's party found in the next year the burial place of Akhenaton (1358 B.C.), the predecessor and father-in-law of Tutankhamon, and in 1908 that of Horemheb, his successor. Mr. Weigall now knows that when his work came to end in 1911 the tomb now discovered by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter had been missed by no more than fifty yards.

Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter began in 1915 the work now so brilliantly successful.

II

Until the funeral outfit of Tutankhamon and the inscriptions and documents found by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter have been exhaustively studied, it is impossible to say what biographical material regarding this Pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty may not exist. But meanwhile it is interesting to put together the information which has already been collected and to get some idea of the place of the king who restored the worship of Amon in the history of his country.

His predecessor, Akhenaton, 'the Spirit of Aton,' — the famous heretic King of Egypt who overthrew the old worship of Amon and set up in its place the cult of the Aton, or Sun's Disk, —

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abandoned the capital of his fathers, Thebes, and founded a new city at El Amarna in Middle Egypt. He reigned altogether about seventeen years, the last eleven of which he lived at his new capital, which he called Akhetaton, 'Horizon of Aton.' He had married early in life a beautiful princess named Nefretiti, and by her had five daughters, but no son. The eldest daughter, Meritaton, 'Beloved of the Aton,' was given in marriage to a Court favorite, Semenkhkare, who, on the death of Akhenaton, assumed the throne of Egypt, carried on the government at El Amarna for a few weeks or months, and then died. The second daughter of the heretic king, Maktaton by name, predeceased her father and was buried in a tomb far back in a lonely valley to the east of El Amarna.

The third daughter, Ankhnespaaton, 'She lives by the Aton,' married another Court favorite, Tutankhaton, 'the living image of Aton,' who now became, through his marriage to the hereditary princess, the lawful heir to the kingdom. Nothing is known about his parentage or early life, but it is probable that he remained at El Amarna a few months after his accession, for many monuments bearing his name have been found among the ruins there.

During the seventeen years of Akhenaton's reign the persecutor had never been able to suppress entirely the old worship of the god Amon. The priesthood of this deity, it is true, were dispossessed, as also were the priesthoods of other local gods throughout Egypt. In Akhenaton's hatred toward the Theban god, he ordered that the name Amon should be obliterated on all monuments, and this command was actually carried out by the king's adherents. There can be no doubt that this remorseless persecution had the effect in the long run of estranging all sympathy with the heretic monarch, and the followers of Amon little by little regained their political influence. By the time Tutankhaton came to the throne their power had become so great that the new monarch resolved to revert to the old religion and transfer his Court to Thebes. It was then that he changed his name to Tutankhamon, 'the living image of Amon,' and his consort her name to Ankhnesamon, 'she lives by Amon.'

Many monuments inscribed with the name of this Pharaoh are known; the greater number have been found at Thebes and El Amarna, but some have come from near the Fayûm in Middle Egypt, and others from as far south as Gebel Barkal in the Sudan. The most important inscription that has yet been brought to light is a large stela that was discovered by Monsieur Legrain, June 28, 1905. On this monument the name of King Horemheb has been engraved over the cartouche of Tutankhamon, but the rest of the protocol has been left untouched. The historical part gives a record of the state of Egypt during the years which preceded the King's accession. A duplicate of this inscription has been found in the temple of Montu at Thebes, and other copies of it were no doubt sent to all the great temples of Egypt to commemorate Tutankhamon's services to local deities.

The inscription relates that the temples of the gods and goddesses from Elephantine to [the Delta marshes] had fallen into disrepair, that their shrines had decayed and become 'as mounds covered with weeds,' and that their halls were as an open road. 'The whole land was neglected by the gods,' and when messengers were sent to Zahi (Phœnicia) to widen the frontiers of Egypt, they did not prosper. 'If the Pharaoh addressed a god to consult with him he came not at all,' or 'if he

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prayed to a goddess she did not answer his prayer, for the hearts of the gods were sick in their bodies so that they destroyed what had been done.' Such is the account of the condition of Egypt when Tutankhamon ascended the throne.

With his accession a new era dawned, and Egypt with her ancient gods began to prosper again. 'When the days had passed over these things,' runs our inscription, 'His Majesty appeared on the throne of his father, and every land bowed down to his will.' Seated in his palace, the King made plans for the restoration of Egypt and its temples. 'His Majesty took counsel with his heart and investigated every beneficent action, and searched for what is useful to his father Amon.' He ordered to be made a beautiful gold image of the Theban god, another of Ptah, the god of Memphis, and erected monuments to other deities, 'making emblems of gold from the tribute of foreign countries, and building temples anew to last for all time.' These temples he endowed with daily supplies of food and provided them with priests 'selected from the sons of the princes and officials of their cities.' He increased their sacred vessels of gold, silver, copper, and bronze.

He filled their barracks with male and female slaves and with spoils taken from foreign countries. He furnished the temples with silver, gold, lapis-lazuli, malachite, precious stones of all kinds, royal linen, white linen, gum, oil, frankincense, myrrh, and perfumes. He also constructed sacred barks for the gods in fresh pine wood from the terraces of Lebanon and Syria.

For the service of the Aton, Akhenaton had employed at El Amarna a numerous band of male and female slaves, female singers, and acrobat girls. Tutankhamon ordered these temple servants to be purified and transferred them to the service of other gods throughout the Nile Valley. Then it was that the gods and goddesses of Egypt became joyful again, and the people themselves 'raised a great shout and danced for gladness.'

Another important monument of this reign is the tomb of a Viceroy of Ethiopia named Huŷ. It is cut in the limestone hill, known as Kurnet Murrai, at Thebes, and was first visited by Champollino as far back as 1828. The walls are elaborately painted with scenes giving a record of Tutankhamon's relations with Ethiopia on the one hand and with Asia on the other. On the outer walls of the vestibule is a scene showing the investiture of Huŷ as Viceroy of Ethiopia by the Egyptian Chancellor in the presence of the King. The Chancellor presents to the Viceroy the gold signet ring of office, and this scene at once calls to mind the Biblical account of Joseph when Pharaoh 'took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand and made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.' After this ceremony of investiture the Viceroy goes to the temple of Amon, there to offer thanks to the god. In another scene he is depicted with his wife and family and some of his official colleagues. Among the latter is the Sub-Governor of Ethiopia, the Mayor of Soleb, and the *wakîl* of a garrison town of Tutankhamon.

On the inner walls of the vestibule Huŷ is represented introducing to the King chieftains from Western Asia and from Ethiopia. These chieftains offer to the King a great variety of gifts: chariots, chairs, beds, shields, vases of gold and silver, and objects inlaid with lapis-lazuli, red jasper, and malachite. In another scene Huŷ, 'the King's Ambassador to every land,' is shown introducing the chieftains of Syria with their offerings. That these gifts were presented to the King at

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Thebes is certain, for an inscription over the scene reads: 'The coming from Ethiopia with all this good tribute of the choicest of the foreign countries, and the landing at Thebes by the Viceroy of Ethiopia, Huŷ.'

It is possible therefore that some of the objects found last week by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter may actually be figured in this Viceroy's tomb; at all events it will be an interesting matter to compare the offerings and furniture represented with the funeral outfit of Tutankhamon.

Beyond the information derived from this official's tomb, we know hardly anything about the foreign relations of Tutankhamon. Mr. Theodore Davis found in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings a piece of gold foil with a scene impressed upon it, showing the King, who is accompanied by his Queen, smiting to the ground a Bedawîn chieftain. To the left is figured the Divine Father Aŷ, who, on the decease of Tutankhamon, succeeded to the throne. Aŷ was an old man at the time of his accession, and his claim to the throne is not at all clear.

Apparently Tutankhamon left no issue, and the legitimate line of Eighteenth Dynasty Kings came to an end with him. It is remarkable that in Huŷ's tomb and elsewhere the cartouches of Tutankhamon have been generally erased except for the name of Amon, and that the name of Horemheb has been substituted on most of his public monuments. This seems to prove that Tutankhamon's memory was not held in esteem by his successors, who probably regarded with suspicion his sincerity in reverting from Aton to Amon worship. Only one dated monument of his reign is known: this is a piece of linen inscribed in his sixth year. It is possible that it is a piece of one of his mummy wrappings, and, if so, the probability is that he reigned only six years.

PETROGRAD AND MOSCOW

[*The description of Petrograd that follows is by I. Zupancic, and was published in* Jutro, *a Slovenian Liberal Daily of October 25. The accompanying account of the commodity exchange in Moscow is from the November 15 issue of* Eko, *a Russian daily published in Kovno.*]

I

THE train shuddered, snorted, then stopped. This was the Nikolaievski depot, the northwestern wall of the splendid Nevski Prospekt. A picturesque mass of humanity streamed toward the exit — bags, bundles, satchels, pillows, quilts; people of all callings, of all nations and religions — to enter the first capital of Peter the Great.

Here are Jews from Siberia and Eastern Russia, whom the Revolution has released from bondage, and who are now free to serve the only great Moloch. Here are Tatars, Kirghizy, Bashkiry wearing awkward slippers and immense caftans, who are in frantic haste to exchange their mutton and butter for Chinese tea and German cloth. Among them are also Russians, Poles, Letts, Esthonians, Lithuanians, who

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are bringing food from Siberia for the hungry population of the city and earning Soviet billions. Through the imposing portal surges wave after wave of these new arrivals. Outside, swarms of idle 'Soviet hackmen' with small sleighs mingle with swarms of 'Soviet merchants,' city speculators, who have gathered excitedly here in watch for some immediate gain.

'Sleigh, sleigh; who wants a sleigh? Only five hundred thousand to the city. Who wants a sleigh? . . . Butter eight hundred thousand, eggs two hundred fifty thousand; who wants to sell? Highest prices — you will get less in the city.'

I hired a 'Soviet hackman' and in a moment he had my modest belongings, reduced to a minimum by Soviet socialization, slung on his sleigh. Before I could gather my wits together, we were dashing down Nevski Prospekt. I gasp for breath, but the driver, whom I judge to be not more than fifteen years old, drove as if on an errand of life and death. Automobiles, motorcycles, carriages, and mounted horsemen; ladies and gentlemen, workmen and idlers, beggars and Soviet capitalists, mostly afoot — everybody was hurrying hither and thither, to the right and to the left.

Among the picturesque crowd, walked vendors of eatables. '*Pirozhki*, or Russian cakes, made of meat, cabbage, and berries, baked in dough — pirozhki, warm, hot, cheap, two hundred fifty thousand each! Who wants pirozhki? Rolls, rolls; who wants rolls?'

An automobile passed me up, driven by a young man wearing a red cap; a red star on his breast, and other red insignia on his left sleeve. Perhaps a commissar.

In a carriage, drawn by a span of thoroughbred racers, sat an elegantly dressed gentleman, leaning close to a lady, dressed in the latest mode, and whispering to her. Perhaps a 'responsible Soviet workmen,' or a 'Soviet merchant,' as the Bolshevik speculators are commonly called.

My sleigh turned to the left. 'Pirozhki, rolls, pirozhki; buy them; cheap!' Everywhere bustle and bawling hucksters; everybody is selling something, and you wonder who is buying. Perhaps one from another.

We stop at 'Company Twelve,' one of the twelve streets where formerly the twelve companies of the Izmailovski Regiment, of the Imperial Guard, were stationed.

The boy pointed at a house. 'There you might get a place; if not, there is not one to be had in Petrograd.' I paid him half a million for his service and entered the house. Trash and dirt everywhere, the stairs about to collapse, the walls crumbling. I knocked at a door on the third story.

An elderly lady, poorly dressed, opened the door and contemplated me with suspicion.

'You have a vacant apartment?'

She pondered before answering. 'Who are you; where from?'

I told her.

'Yes; but I don't know — no one has lived in it now for two years. It is poor, but, then, ours isn't any better. The house is about to fall down. It often sways when an automobile passes by. The beams are giving away. What can you do!

I entered the vacant apartment — six rooms and a kitchen. Trash on the floor, walls dirty, windows broken — empty, cold. I cleaned it up a little, stopped up the broken windows with paper and rags, and went out to get some wood. I paid three million for a bag of it and carried it home on my back.

In the morning I started for the city. *Markomindel*, *Petroevak*, *GPU*, *Petrogubispolkom*, buzzed in my ears. I asked a policeman where these bureaus and offices might be.

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'I don't know; go right ahead.'

I asked the same question of a man carrying a bundle under his arms. The same answer. Who the devil knows? Offices corresponding to our ministries, and no one seems to know where they are! But it is winter and wind blows from all sides. I stepped into a *chainaia*, or tea shop, to warm myself. I drank a glass of tea without sugar and ate a piece of bread. 'How much?' Two hundred fifty thousand. I went on.

On the Izmailovski Prospekt, Red guardsmen were working. Like flies they crawled on the large military barracks and dragged out everything that resembled wood— frames, doors, floors, wooden beds; they were breaking these articles up and carrying them away. For it is winter and there is no fuel.

I came to the Voznesenski Prospekt. Beside the Voznesenski church there once stood a four-story house. Now there remains a single wall.

At last I found the Petroevak, or Emigration Office. I entered. A terrible crowd. Poles, Esthonians, Lithuanians, Letts, Germans, Hungarians, Italians — a veritable Babel. Men were running in every direction, asking, shouting, cursing in all tongues, searching for someone, pulling papers from their pockets, departing, returning, again shouting. . . . They were leaving Russia; everybody wanted to be first. Some official tried to form them into a line.

I stepped into the line, waited half an hour, an hour, two hours; then left. Impossible to do anything.

I passed by the Holy Synod, the Orthodox Vatican. On the corner stands a queer figure. It is neither woman nor man, wrapped in a large rag resembling a sheet — like a scarecrow upon a pedestal. I stepped closer and looked. A monument! A passer-by informed me that the Bolsheviki had erected there a monument to 'Comrade Volodarskii.' But then some reckless scoundrel came along and threw a bomb, which tore the belly and a leg from the great leader of the Petrograd proletariat. To commemorate this barbarous outrage, the authorities wrapped the monument in a sheet.

I walked along the Neva. Winter Palace! The imperial palace, the winter seat of the 'Great Tsar!' Peter the Great and the subsequent history of Russia passed before my mind. The Palace stands now as before; its windows gaze gloomily upon the square before them. An urchin sits in a window seat and spits on the heads of the passing people. Workmen live in the Palace. The square before it is now known as Uritskii Square. There stands a red speaker's stand with mottoes about it. On the first of May this year, they had burned here the portraits of Lloyd George, Poincaré, and Barthou. This was the Bolsheviki 'revenge' for their failure at Genoa.

I walked further. 'Pirozhki, rolls, cigarettes, cheap!' — My head ached with this constant dinning of pirozhki and rolls. I came to the famous Field of Mârs, now known as Revolution Square. A queer pyramid of immense, unhewed rocks stands in the middle — the grave of the fallen Bolshevik leaders. Sentinels post before it. Beyond the rolling Neva gleamed the rays of the setting sun reflected from the dome of the church where the remnants of Russian Tsars are buried.

I turned back. On the way, I stepped in the Isakievskii Cathedral. At the entrance I read: 'Orthodox Christians, hasten with contributions, save our relics, save the inconostasis; to-morrow at twelve o'clock it will be too late!' Inside the church, a melancholy quietude. The imposing picture of Christ, in the window above the main altar, gazes sadly into space. The silver tomb of Christus the Saviour is still there, also

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the iconostasis. To-morrow they will come and take them. Therefore, 'hasten with contributions, save our relics!'

I started home. Life seethed on the Nevski Prospekt. Cafés, restaurants, stores, fruit-stalls, wine, liqueurs, champagne — everything was there. They were selling, buying, drinking, dancing, riding. Nevski — this bustling gathering place for speculators, commissars, Jews; in short, for the new Soviet bourgeoisie, and for foreigners with their home currencies. An ordinary mortal is out of place. Bad wine costs eight million rubles a bottle; better wine, fifteen millions; a dinner, ten millions; an ordinary suit of clothes, eighty million rubles. Petrograd lives, while the peasants in the remote regions eat human flesh.

What about the factories and other enterprises? Partly operating, partly closed down. The larger mills are nationalized. Workmen are paid from thirty to forty million rubles a month, from which about forty per cent is taken for the different labor organizations. A workman must pay membership dues whether he joins the organization or not.

The men work, listen at meetings to enthusiastic Communist speakers, and say nothing. . . . They seem to be waiting for something or somebody. They themselves have no energy, no will of their own. A sort of apathetic indifference holds them helpless, except for the few who have known how to take advantage of the times to enrich themselves.

Electric cars are running. Theatres and cinema show-houses are open. Life is gay for those who can afford to spend, say 150 million rubles a day. Life goes on. Revolutionary enthusiasm has waned in Petrograd. People who had once soared on the wings of revolutionary rhetoric are now returning to firm earth; they are beginning to see that life means work, that rhetoric does not turn into bread; and that all people have the right to live according to their own beliefs.

As I traveled from Petrograd to Moscow, I made the acquaintance of an engineer whom the Soviet Government had sent to make a general survey of the physical condition of Petrograd. He said to me: 'Unless the buildings, the water and lighting systems, and other public utilities are thoroughly repaired within a year, Petrograd will be in ruins.'

II

THE main nerve-centre of Moscow 'City' — *Kitai-Gorod* or Chinatown — is the Exchange. In the old days, it was considered a notable event when cotton, for instance, rose one-tenth of a kopek; to-day prices may rise three and four hundred per cent in less than a month. Everybody is now accustomed to these startling changes, and contemplates them with equanimity.

In the Ilyinka in front of the white Exchange Building, with its broad steps and colonnade, there was invariably found, during the business hours in the good old times, a great throng of men. They were well-dressed gentlemen in short English overcoats and silk hats. To-day the throng presents a different appearance. This section of the city is dirty and neglected. The people who gather before the Exchange are typical of Moscow in her evil days. They are mostly engineers, lawyers, and adventurers, who have found no way to make an honest living under present government. They wear their shoes out hunting for goods, for the most part

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merely pursuing rumors that goods are to be had at such and such a place, only to find the report a 'soap bubble.' Their minds are absorbed in ferreting out merchandise that they can sell, at several times a normal profit, to the next man that comes by. It is like a gambling fever. They are found everywhere along the whole Ilyinka. The visitor hears the same conversation wherever he goes: 'What are you selling?' 'I am buying gold.' 'I bid ninety.' 'One hundred.'

When you have elbowed your way through the thick mass of humanity that is not entitled to enter the Exchange Building itself, but clusters about the entrance, you emerge, ruffled and breathless, in its lofty hall. Formerly, the Stock Exchange occupied the building. You catch to-day amid the hum of voices, words like these: 'Fish,' 'Russian oil!' 'I offer,' 'Sold,' and so on indefinitely. This is the official headquarters for the representatives of various government trading and manufacturing departments. Registered brokers are overwhelmed with work, for practically all sales are made through them. The principal offerings are by government departments, but private producers are permitted to do business. Everyone must register when he enters, and is asked the stereotyped question: 'Government representative or private trader?' And the young woman at the Registration Office, with a joking play upon the words *chastny*, 'private' and *chestny*, 'honest,' converts these into 'Public or honest?'

Inside we have the same picture as out in the square in front of the building, or along the Ilyinka. This is the so-called 'Black Exchange.' Men stand in groups bent over their memorandum books, talking in an undertone, gesticulating wildly, communicating in ways incomprehensible for the uninitiated. 'Oats, who wants oats?' 'No, I've oats enough. What about oil?' 'I have two tanks, Moscow delivery.'

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

From the *Modern Review, November*
(CALCUTTA CURRENT-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

Hamburg, May 20, 1921

WE are leaving this town for Copenhagen to-morrow morning. I am not an ideal traveler, and I never enjoy the prospect of going to a strange country, continually stumbling upon the unexpected and being held up by the unknown. This roving life tires me. I am seeking my lost universe of an easy chair.

A person like myself can never be a perfect vehicle for a mission. For I have not the motor engine of ambition in my heart to lend a steady movement onward. I have my flighty sails, fitfully puffed and pushed by erratic winds. But somehow, in haste, a motor has been joined to my boat. With every roll of the waves, the engine knocks against the ribs of my heart, for it does

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not fully fit me. All the same, in spite of the looseness of the screws, the engine gets the better of the recalcitrant boat, the mission goes on; the applauses are gathered; everybody is radiantly happy. Only I myself know what the jerks mean inside the aching framework; and I am not counting the successes, but the thumping kicks that are administered by the machine.

I hope my voyage has now come to its end. Every moment I hear the call of the beach and see the vision of the evening lamp watching behind the window for the return of the weary traveler.

To-day, life is nowhere normal in this world. The atmosphere is swarming with problems. Singers are not allowed to sing; they have to shout messages. But, my friend, is my life to be one perpetual polar summer, an endless monotony of a day of lidless light, of ceaseless duties, with never a night of stars to open before my vision the gateway of the Infinite? Is the fact of death a mere fact of stoppage? Does it not speak to us of our right of entrance into a region beyond the boundaries of patriotism? When am I going to make my final adjustment of life and be ready for the invitation to the world of the Spirit?

We are taught by our Western schoolmaster that there is nothing of importance that is not shown in the national school map: that only *my country* is my earth and heaven; that only in *my country* are united my life and my immortality. And when we try to reject the West, in our pride of *my country* we are like a ragged thief that picks the pocket of the same West.

But our fathers had a clearer consciousness of truth, of a freedom which was never clipped of its wings and shut up in a geographical cage. I feel that my time has come for the realization of that truth; and I pray that I may never die as a patriot, or a politician, but as a free spirit; not as a journalist, but a poet.

Stockholm, May 27, 1921

I have been following the track of Spring from Switzerland to Denmark, and from Denmark to Sweden, watching everywhere flowers breaking out in a frenzy of colors. And it seems to me like the earth's shouting *Jai;* and flinging up its colored cap to the sky. My path in the west also has had the same exuberant outburst of welcome.

At first, I felt the impulse to describe it to you in detail; for I was sure it would give you great delight. But now I shrink from doing it. For somehow it does not cause exultation in my own mind, but makes me feel sad. It would be absurd for me to claim what has been offered to me as fully mine. The fact is, there is a rising tide of heart in the West, rushing towards the Eastern shore, following some mysterious law of attraction. The unbounded pride of the European peoples has suddenly found a check, and their mind appears to be receding from the channel it had cut for itself.

The weary giant is seeking peace; and as the fountain of peace has ever flowed from the East, the face of troubled Europe is instinctively turned to-day towards the East. Europe is a child, who has been hurt in the midst of her game. She is shunning the crowd and looking for her mother. And has not the East been the mother of spiritual humanity, giving it life from its own life?

How pitiful it is that we, in India, are unaware of this claim for succor from Europe which has come to our door; that we fail to realize the great honor of the call to serve humanity in her hour of need!

Bewildered at heart by the great demonstrations made in my honor in

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these countries, I have often tried to find out the real cause. I have been told that it was because I loved humanity. I hope that it is true, and all through my writings my love of man has found its utterance and touched human hearts across all barriers. If it be true, then let that truest note in my writings guide my own life henceforth!

The other day, when I was resting alone in my room in the hotel at Hamburg, timidly there entered two shy and sweet German girls, with a bunch of roses as an offering for me. One of them, who spoke broken English, said to me, 'I love India.' I asked her, 'Why do you love India?' She answered, — 'Because you love God.'

The praise was too great for me to accept with any degree of complaisance. But I hope its meaning was in the expectation from me which it carried, and therefore was a blessing. Or possibly she meant that my country loved God, and therefore she loved India. That also was an expectation whose meaning we should try to appreciate and understand.

The nations love their own countries; and that national love has only given rise to hatred and suspicion of one another. *The world is waiting for a country that loves God and not herself, only that country will have the claim to be loved by men of all countries.*

When we cry '*Bande Mataram*' from the housetops, we shout to our neighbors 'You are not our brothers.' But that is not the truth. Therefore, because it is untrue, it pollutes the air and darkens the sky. Whatever may be its use for the present, it is like the house set on fire, which the Chinaman lighted simply for roasting the pig! Love of self, whether national or individual, can have no other destination but suicide. Love of God is our only fulfilment; it has in it the ultimate solution of all problems and difficulties.

On the day after to-morrow we shall be leaving Sweden for Berlin. The Czechoslovakian Government has promised us an air trip from Berlin to Prague, and from Prague to Munich. From Munich we are expected to visit Darmstadt, where a gathering of some notable persons of Germany will be held to meet us. It will be over by the fifteenth of June; then through France and Spain we shall be able to take our ship at the beginning of July, if not earlier.

Berlin, May 28, 1921

I am leaving Germany to-night for Vienna. From there I go to Czechoslovakia, then to Paris, then, to the Mediterranean Sea! Our steamer sails on the second of July, so this is likely to be my last letter.

You can have no idea what an outburst of love has followed me and enveloped me everywhere I have been in Scandinavia and Germany. All the same, my longing is to go back to my own people — to the atmosphere of continual revilement. I have lived my life there, done my work there, given my love there, and I must not mind if the harvest of my life has not had its full payment there. The ripening of the harvest itself brings its ample reward for me. And therefore the call comes to me from the field where the sunlight is waiting for me, where the seasons, each in turn, are making their enquiries about my home-coming. They know me, who all my life have sowed there the seeds of my dreams. But the shadows of evening are deepening on my path, and I am tired. I do not want praise or blame from my countrymen. I want to take my rest under the stars.

Berlin, June 4, 1921

To-day my visit to Berlin has come to an end. To-night we are starting for Munich. It has been a wonderful experience in this country for me! Such

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fame I cannot take at all seriously. It is too readily given, and too immediately. It has not had the perspective of time. And this is why I feel frightened at it and tired — even sad. I am like a house-lamp, whose place is in a corner, and whose association is that of intimacy of love. But when my life is made to take part in a fireworks display, I apologize to the stars and feel humble.

I saw *The Post Office* acted in a Berlin Theatre. The girl who took the part of Amal was delightful in her acting, and altogether the whole thing was a success. But it was a different interpretation from that of ours in our own acting in Vichitra. I had been trying to define the difference in my mind, when Dr. Otto of Marburg University, who was among the audience, hit upon it. He said that the German interpretation was suggestive of a fairy story, full of elusive beauty, whereas the inner significance of this play is spiritual.

I remember the time when I wrote it, my own feeling which inspired me to write it. Amal represents the man whose soul has received the call of the open road — he seeks freedom from the comfortable enclosure of habits sanctioned by the prudent, and from walls of rigid opinion built for him by the respectable. But Madhab, the worldly-wise, considers his restlessness to be the sign of a fatal malady; and his adviser, the physician, the custodian of conventional platitudes — with his quotations from prescribed textbooks full of wise maxims — gravely nods his head and says that freedom is unsafe, and every care should be taken to keep the sick man within walls. And so the precaution is taken.

But there is the post office in front of his window, and Amal waits for the royal letter to come to him directly from the King, bringing to him the message of emancipation. At last the closed gate is opened by the king's own physician; and what is 'death' to the world of hoarded wealth and of certified creeds, brings him awakening in the world of spiritual freedom.

The only thing that accompanies him in his awakening is the flower of love given to him by Sudha.

I know the value of this flower of love, and therefore my petition to the Queen was: —

'Let me be the gardener of thy flower garden' — the gardener, whose only reward is daily to offer his garlands to the Queen.

Do you think that *The Post Office* has some meaning at this time for my country in this respect that her freedom must come direct from the King's Messenger, and not from the British Parliament; and that when her soul awakes, nothing will be able to keep her within walls? Has she received her letter yet from the King?

Ask Dinu what is the original of the following translation: —

My heart to-day is tremulous with the heart-throbs of the world.
Who is the restless youth that comes, his mantle fluttering in the breeze,
The woodland resounds with the murmur of joy at the dance lyric of the light,
The anklet bells of the dancer quiver in the sky in an unheard tinkle,
To whose cadence the forest leaves clap their hands.
The hope for the touch of a nearing footstep spreads a whisper in the grass,
And the wind breaks its fetters, distraught with the perfume of the Unknown.

To-day is the fifth of June. Our steamer sails on the third of July!

Darmstadt, June 10, 1921

In Darmstadt they have a gathering of people from all parts of Germany to meet me. We have our meetings in the Grand Duke of Hesse's garden, where the members of my audience bring before me their questions. I give them monologues in answer, and Count Keyserling translates them into Ger-

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man for those who cannot follow my English.

Yesterday I reached this place, and in the afternoon we had our first meeting.

The first question put to me by a Canadian German was, 'What is the future of this scientific civilization?'

After I had answered him, he again asked me, 'How is the problem of overpopulation to be solved?'

After my answer, I was asked to give them some idea about the true character of Buddhism.

These three subjects took up fully two hours. It is delightful to feel the earnestness of these people. It is the habit of mind of this nation to think out the deeper problems of life; they deal seriously with ideas. In India, in our modern schools, we merely receive our ideas from textbooks, for the purpose of passing examinations. Besides that, our modern schoolmasters are Englishmen; and they, of all the western nations, are the least susceptible to ideas. They are good, honest, and reliable, but they have a vigorous excess of animal spirits, which seek for exercise in racing, fox-hunting, boxing-matches, and other sports and they offer stubborn resistance to all contagion of ideas.

Therefore our English educationalists do not inspire our minds. We do not realize that ideas are necessary to enable us to live a true life. We do not have a genuine enthusiasm, but rather are losing our gift of aspiration, which is the gift of the soul. Our principal object and occupation are going to be the dissipations of politics, whose goal is success, whose path is the zigzag of compromise — politics, which in every country have lowered the standard of morality, have given rise to a perpetual contest of lies and deceptions, cruelties and hypocrisies, and have increased inordinately a national predisposition to vulgar vaingloriousness.

Germany to-day has received a violent check to her political ambitions, which has produced an almost universal longing in her people to seek spiritual resources in place of external success. Germany appears now to have set out on a voyage of spiritual adventure. And in spite of her dire poverty, she is not thinking merely of the spinning wheel or of some new move in the political game of gambling, but rather of the achievement of that inner freedom, which gives us power to soar above the vicissitudes of circumstance.

The other day, I met the British Ambassador in Berlin. While alluding to the enormous appreciation of my works in Germany, he expressed his gratification at the possibility of my supplying some philosophy, which might bring consolation to these people. He was glad, I am sure, from his British point of view. He seemed to me to imagine that philosophy was a soothing draught, which might lull the restless activity of the German nation into sleep, affording the victors better security in the enjoyment of the material benefits of their success. He would gladly concede the possession of soul and God to these people, only keeping for the share of his own nation the possession of their worldly goods. He seemed to smile, as it were, in his sleeve, and to imagine that his own British people would be the gainers in the bargain. Well! Let them laugh and grow fat! Only let us have the good sense not to envy them their purely material gains.

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THE CRISIS IN SCIENCE

BY PROFESSOR ADOLF VON HARNACK

[Professor von Harnack of Berlin University is one of the most distinguished theologians in Germany. His work upon Marcion was reviewed in the Living Age *of April 9 and April 16, 1921. His description of the disastrous effect of the war upon scientific research in Europe relates immediately to Germany, but conditions are equally bad in several European countries, and indeed to a minor degree, in all of them.]*

From *The Nation and the Athenæum*, December 2
(London Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

Two years ago — on November 23, 1920 — a meeting was held in the Great Hall of the German Reichstag in order to discuss the disastrous plight of German science, and to consider suitable means of assisting it. This meeting was attended, among other persons, by the President of the Republic, the Chancellor and the leading Ministers, numerous Members of Parliament and other public men, and prominent men of science. The gathering was characterized by the unanimous adoption of a resolution pledging its supporters to active and practical support of scientific research in Germany. The resolution was soon followed by deeds. The Reichstag, at the suggestion of the Government, German industry, and German banks, raised large sums of money; an extensive organization known as the *Notgemeinschaft der deutschen Wissenschaft*, or German Scientific Relief Fund, was entrusted with the task of administering the funds. This organization, which was presided over by the former Minister of State, Dr. Schmidt-Ott, set to work not only energetically, but also circumspectly and economically, with the result that it was possible to accomplish a good deal. Not only were German science and those institutions dependent on it, for instance, institutes for research, libraries, laboratories, training schools, kept going during twenty months, but they were also placed in a position to continue such work as had already been begun with renewed vigor, and to take new tasks in hand. True, many things were still lacking, but the essential requirements could be met.

But the catastrophe that has overtaken the economic life of Germany within the last four months has also had its untoward effects on German science. The depreciation of the German currency has entailed a corresponding depreciation of all other values. Already two years ago we believed ourselves to be in dire distress; but it is only now that we are finding out what the words 'dire distress' and 'collapse' really mean. To-day it is no longer a question of assisting German science, but of saving it.

This appeal for help is not only addressed to the Germans themselves — for in their sorry plight they cannot afford to do much; it is addressed to all civilized nations. I do not intend to discuss here the question of responsibilities; I will content myself with saying that we are here in presence of a collective responsibility shared by all nations, and that the losses already inflicted can only be made good by collective action.

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What is the extent of the catastrophe that is overtaking German science, and what is its nature?

What is the meaning of this catastrophe for the civilization of the world in general, and why does such a catastrophe constitute an international calamity?

Is it still possible to arrest the spread of the disaster, and what shape must help take if it can be had at all?

I now propose to answer these three questions.

1. The catastrophe that has overtaken German science is so great because it has affected every factor and element that is indispensable for the continuity of scientific research. In the first place, it has become quite impossible for Germans to procure foreign scientific books. For if we have to pay from 20,000 to 40,000 marks for a medium-sized book or for a yearly subscription to a periodical of some five hundred pages, all possibility of purchase is excluded. The consequence is that we are placed outside the sphere of international scientific activity; we are no longer informed of the progress of the natural and moral sciences, of jurisprudence, of technical science in America, England, France, or other countries. It is not necessary for us to dwell on the meaning of this, seeing that science is essentially international by nature.

In the second place, German scientific works can no longer be printed, and German scientific periodicals have to cease publication. The cost of paper, printing, and wages has increased to such an extent that even a scientific thesis of limited dimensions cannot be brought out for less than 80,000 or 100,000 marks. No publisher, and certainly no author, can afford this. Only text-books containing convenient extracts from larger scientific publications can be printed; and it is uncertain as to how long even this will still be possible. And of what value are text-books for the continuity and progress of scientific research?

In the third place, savants of high repute are experiencing the greatest material difficulties, and, in fact, often do not know how they will be able to live a week hence. Consequently they are compelled to seek spare-time work and extra earnings. Too proud to complain, their energy is consumed in the terrible struggle for life.

In the fourth place, the young generation by which scientific research must needs be continued in the future is rapidly diminishing in numbers. The total number of students, it is true, is still relatively large; but only a limited number is able to complete its studies, whereas the majority enter practical life before having done so. That wonderful source from which German science derived its strength — namely, the large body of young savants — and which enabled it not only to deepen but also to widen its researches, is fast being dried up. German science is suffering not only from a reduction of the number of its disciples, but also from a diminution of their quality; and this is evident if we bear in mind that hardly any student is at present in a position to buy books. On the other hand, the training of the students must necessarily greatly suffer by reason of the dearness of raw materials and chemicals, rendering experiments in the laboratories almost impossible, and preventing the most important investigations being pursued in the hospitals. The saying that science thrives best in an attic has long since lost all meaning. Hundreds of experiments are often necessary in order to obtain a result; and we must be in a position to repeat them, for only a carefully prepared soil can be fertile. But there can be no question of this in Germany to-day;

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here it is a question of the possibility of continuing scientific research at all. The combined result of the calamities enumerated above is not only to weaken the German scientific organism, but in the long run to destroy it.

2. It may be objected by non-Germans that German science does not concern them. They may possibly argue as follows: 'We have our own science; what does it matter if scientific research in Germany, which was formerly so active, should pause for a generation or so, or even if it should cease altogether? What does this matter to the world at large? Have not also in former times those nations which were the pioneers of scientific research changed? We, who live outside Germany, are still there, and other nations will take over the task which was formerly fulfilled by the Germans.'

Let us examine this argument. There is no such thing as a pause in scientific research, as history teaches us. Every branch of science can live only on condition that it progresses; and in this case insufficient progress means receding, a cessation of work is synonymous with death. It is the same as with a blast furnace: if the coal supplies be not continually replenished, the furnace will grow cold and the fire will in a short time be extinguished. It is, consequently, an illusion to suppose that it would be possible after a pause to infuse new life into German science.

Let us now examine the contention that it would be possible to do without German science because other nations would be able to continue the task hitherto undertaken by Germany. I will not reply by pointing to what the Germans, as a result of their specific national character, have accomplished in the domain of science; but I will point out something which is far more important still — namely, *that the solidarity of modern science is just as great as that of modern economic life.* All civilized nations the world over are dependent mutually on each other as regards the maintenance of their culture and science. The events of the last eight years have clearly shown that just as the war developed into a world war, so also was it inevitable that the latter shook the economic relations, the moral and intellectual life, of all nations, without exception, to their foundations. If in one great country all intellectual life be definitely destroyed, all other countries will suffer in consequence. The most dire effect will be produced in all — not merely because a single limb has been severed from the body and is henceforth unable to perform its vital functions, but because the severance of this limb entails diseases which spread, and by spreading infect the whole world.

A civilization in a state of decay, with all its accompanying symptoms of brain fever, moral disease, unrest, and devastation, constitutes a danger not only for its next-door neighbors, but also for the whole world. When things have come to such a pass there will be no longer any question of the impoverishment of science or of its insufficient progress by reason of the elimination of Germany; for these things will long since have been forgotten. The only question that will then arise will be: is it still possible to save European civilization from general collapse and irretrievable disaster? No one who has studied modern history, who is aware of the indissoluble nature of the links connecting civilization and science, who understands how sensitive, unstable, and fluctuating modern civilization is, will accuse the writer of being unduly pessimistic in his utterances.

3. Is it still possible to prevent the collapse of German science and civilization? And if so, how?

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In my opinion, salvation is still possible; but the very last minute has come, and a great decision is needed. Small means would be henceforth absolutely insufficient. We shall, it is true, always be thankful to those of our friends abroad who generously came to the support of our libraries and research institutes, and who, by providing food for numerous students, enabled the latter to remain healthy. We earnestly trust that these friends will continue the good work and enlist the services of other friends.

Nevertheless, all that they may contrive to do in this respect is, unfortunately, under existing circumstances, but a drop in the ocean. It would be of great assistance if German science, by reason of its solidarity with the science of all other countries, could be subsidized from some of the important funds which have been placed at the disposal of scientific research abroad. As to whether this is possible, it is not for me to say. There is only one really adequate means of saving German science, and that is the revision of the Treaty of Versailles. For this Treaty is destructive, not only of the economic life of Germany, but also of German science and culture.

Had the fourteen points of Mr. Wilson's programme been carried into effect, the work of scientific research could, despite the immense difficulties confronting it, have slowly recommenced. But instead of this, the work in question has been paralyzed, equally with economic life — not so much by the war as by the latter's aftermath, the Peace. And not only in Germany, but in all countries without exception, that scientific work is menaced with destruction.

A GENIAL DIPLOMAT

BY ORESTE RIZZINI

[*Sir J. Rennell Rodd, the first volume of whose diplomatic memoirs is here reviewed, is one of the best-informed living Englishmen upon Italian affairs. He has just been appointed the First British Delegate to the Hague Conference on Changes in the Rules of War*].

From *Corriere della Sera, Nov.* 29
(MILAN LIBERAL DAILY)

A DISTINGUISHED friend of Italy, who was British Ambassador at Rome throughout the war, has given the world a volume of his recollections during the earlier years of his career. He promises another volume later, and certainly no reader of the present book will lay it down without hoping that this promise may be fulfilled.

The author does not follow the fashion so sensationally set by Margot Asquith and Colonel Repington, of featuring scandals and regaling his readers with revelations, or pretended revelations, of what has occurred behind the scenes of politics and diplomacy. He is moved by no enmity; he is satisfying no vendetta. Instead, he gives us a serene and philosophical review of events, men, and places,

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written with a spicy, genial wit, and a delicate touch of humor, that dance like playful sunshine over the soberer colors of the scenes that he portrays.

And indeed it is an imposing procession that passes before our eyes — the leading men of England, Greece, France, and Italy — Italy and the Italians cross our path at every step. A subtle thread bound Sir James to Italy from his early childhood. He recalls Garibaldi, driving across Cavendish Square with Colonel Beard, his 'Englishman,' at his side. He saw the Coliseum when it was still used as a place of worship, with the stations of *Via Crucis* around the interior and a great cross erected in the middle of the amphitheatre. He remembers when cattle pastured among the ruins of the Forum. He describes Pius IX descending from his gilded coach in the Pincian Garden and blessing the kneeling multitude as he passed with his little retinue of papal courtiers, *Monsignori*, and Swiss Guards. There is a picture of Venice, with an Austrian military band in white tunics, playing in the Piazza. Later came the war of 1866, which he saw from Bolzano: marching regiments, trainloads of wounded, the name of Garibaldi whispered like a threat.

Student days followed: at Balliol College, Oxford, under Jowett — the famous translator of Plato, Aristotle, and Thucydides — who was also a theologian, and reputed to lean toward liberalism and modernism. He relates an anecdote of a student who excused himself to Jowett for not attending divine service by saying: 'After long and mature reflection, I have concluded that I am incapable of finding God.' Dr. Jowett took out his watch and said: 'It is now nine A. M. You will find Him by noon, or be expelled.'

After leaving Oxford came a period of idleness and drifting, waiting for an opportunity to enter the diplomatic service. This was delayed for want of an appropriate opening, and also because the young aspirant failed in his examination in penmanship and orthography. A clear hand was indispensable in those days, because there were no typewriters, and young attachés were expected not only to decipher dispatches, and to put dispatches into cipher, but also to make fair copies of all the records of their superiors. During this interval the future ambassador played around in the literary and artistic circles of London, and engaged in long political and philosophical arguments with acquaintances at the London clubs. Lord Curzon, who is now Foreign Minister, Sir Rennell Rodd, and some of their friends, used to attend the forum held in the City Temple, where they amused themselves championing the most radical and subversive theses. At length a medical student was so outraged at their views that he challenged the future Foreign Minister to settle the question with his fists, but prudent Curzon evaded so vigorous a method of deciding arguments.

In 1881, the author, who is a poet of some merit as well as an historical writer, printed his first book of verses. From this time dates his intimate friendship with Whistler and Burne-Jones. Burne-Jones offered Rodd the rare privilege of becoming his pupil if he wished to relinquish his ambition to become a diplomat. Whistler, who was most exacting in such matters, welcomed his assistance in printing etchings by hand on certain sheets of paper that he tore out of old books. A whole morning would not suffice for printing more than two or three copies that satisfied the exacting standards of the great, but acidulous, artist.

Whistler was a terrible critic, especially of the realists. There was a

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worthy and conscientious water-colorist who had won the enthusiastic approval of Ruskin, and a certain reputation in the world of art, by passing whole years seated on a scaffold in front of San Marco at Venice, reproducing with the aid of a small telescope every tint and minute detail of the mosaics there. Whistler was passing one day, and pretended to be deeply interested in the minute and mousing labors of the artist, but took the occasion to write in chalk across the latter's back, 'Totally Blind.' The unhappy artist was so absorbed in his work that he was quite unaware of what had happened, to the vast amusement of a group of English visitors.

Another anecdote was told by Burne-Jones of a Naples model. She was a pretty girl, but taciturn. During a month of posing she spoke only four times. The first time she said: 'I was born on a burning mountain.' The second time she sighed: 'I love Giacinto!' The third time she muttered: 'If I were the Queen, I would kill Marriannina!' The fourth time, when he dismissed her after her services were over, she said: 'You have been kind to me. I will tell you something worth knowing. Never eat blue ices.' This was a synthesis of her life — her drama and a parting word of good advice to her employer. She knew how the blue ices at Naples are colored.

Among Whistler's great admirers was the famous Neapolitan caricaturist, Pellegrini, of *Vanity Fair*, where he signed his sketches 'Ape.' He was a Bohemian to the core. Although he had spent all his life at London, his English remained to the end absolutely rudimental. All that he knew of the tongue were a few slang terms seldom used in good society; but he was an artist through and through.

At length the author was admitted to the diplomatic service. His first work was in the Foreign Office, where the duties at that time were far less complicated and far pleasanter than they are to-day. The young attachés were first assigned to what they called the 'nursery' on the first floor, where they learned the rudiments of their profession: copying dispatches, ciphering and deciphering dispatches, closing and sealing couriers' sacks to be entrusted to 'the messengers of the Queen.' Among the famous characters at the Foreign Office was the official in charge of the nursery, John Biddewell, who was a remarkable acrobat. One day that gentleman was walking down Bond Street in a silk hat and a frock coat. He suddenly sprang, like a clown through a parchment, through the open windows of a carriage in which two elderly gentlemen were sitting quietly, landing in the street on the further side, falling on his hands and finishing the performance with a graceful handspring.

During this period the young attaché made his first acquaintance with the great men of the period — among others, Gladstone. His first foreign experience was at the Embassy in Berlin, with Lord Russell, who had earlier been Great Britain's representative at the Vatican. The author paints a bright and lively picture of diplomatic, political, and social life in Berlin during the last years of the old Emperor, William I. He describes the fascinating and tragic figure of Frederick III, and that monarch's ardent love for Italy. He traces the beginning of Bismarck's colonial policy. The Iron Chancellor did not hesitate to incur the passing displeasure of England, because he assumed that the English would never ally themselves with France or with Russia. In fact, he looked forward to an eventual alliance between Germany and Great Britain, but thought he could lay the

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foundations for a German Colonial Empire first. Bismarck said, one day, to the English painter, Richmond, who was making his portrait: 'I hope to live long enough to see Germany invulnerable on land, with the most powerful army in Europe; and England invulnerable on sea with the most powerful navy in the world, and the two nations allies. That will mean peace.'

Many sparkling anecdotes are scattered through these chapters. Labouchère — a member of Parliament, a born agitator and debater, and the militant founder of *Truth* — had been attached to the British Legation at Washington in his youth. At that time, the British were represented in the United States only by a Minister. One day an American caller appeared, and was referred to the young secretary. He did not like this, and said: 'I want to see your boss.' Labouchère, with the seraphic innocence that he knew so well how to assume, replied in the most courteous manner in the world: 'I do not know what part of me that is, but so far as I have one at my disposal, it is at your service.'

On another occasion, an American came in and demanded to see the Minister. He was informed that the latter was absent, and referred to Labouchère, who asked the gentleman how he could serve him. The latter replied: 'I will wait. I do not wish to deal with an underling.' Labouchère, as ever a model of faultless politeness, begged the visitor to be seated, and left him. An hour or so elapsed; the visitor became impatient, and asked to see the attaché again. Labouchère reappeared. The American asked if the Minister would not be back soon. 'No,' responded Labouchère innocently, 'I do not think he will be back soon. He is traveling in Canada.'

From Berlin, Sir Rennell Rodd went to Athens, and from Athens to Rome with Lord Dufferin, who was then the British Ambassador to Italy. Soon after the young attaché's arrival in Rome, Lord Dufferin made a call on Crispi, who had recently become Premier. Crispi, who was a rough diamond, did not rise from the desk where he was busy writing, but contrary to all the laws of etiquette, remained seated when the Ambassador was shown into his office. He merely asked the latter, with a preoccupied air, to take a chair. Lord Dufferin remained standing. Crispi repeated his invitation, but the Ambassador did not move. Then the rough old statesman realized that he had made an error. He rose and advanced with his hand extended to Lord Dufferin, who immediately afterwards took his seat.

In a word, this is a book that will repay reading. It is a good book.

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A VISIT TO DARWIN'S HOME

BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH

From the *Rationalist Press Association Annual*, 1922
(FREE-THOUGHT YEARBOOK)

LONDONERS living on the northern heights often mark the Crystal Palace gleaming high above the southeastern suburbs, but few know, or care to know, that only eight miles beyond, nestling in a hollow of the wooded chalk downs of Kent, is the village of Down, and near by Down House, where Charles Darwin, single-handed, wrought the miracle of the nineteenth century.

For the man who changed the outlook of all thinking men throughout the world, and transformed the face of all kinds of learning, surely performed a miracle. But if the student of Darwin's works longs to know the home in which they were produced, and the establishment of which their author was master, he will not easily come by a description of them.

Yet really to appreciate and understand the writings of Charles Darwin it is essential to have a mental picture of their birthplace. It seems to me that this neglect of Darwin's home and of Darwin's life is symptomatic of ignorance or indifference on the part of the rising generation of scientific men about how much they owe to Darwin and to Down. The day will assuredly come when Down will rival Stratford-on-Avon as a Mecca for pilgrims.

Readers of Sir Francis Darwin's *Life* of his father are familiar with the picture given there of Darwin's home. Before giving quotations from that work I may remind my readers that prior to moving into Kent, Darwin lived in Gower Street. He made his home there when he married, January 29, 1839, having then almost completed his thirtieth year: —

> On September 14, 1842, my father left London with his family and settled at Down. In the autobiographical chapter his motives for moving into the country are briefly given. He speaks of attendance at scientific societies and of ordinary social duties as suiting his health so 'badly that we resolved to live in the country, which we both preferred and have never repented.'
>
> The choice of Down was rather the result of despair than of actual preference; my father and mother were weary of house-hunting, and the attractive points about the place thus seemed to them to counterbalance its somewhat more obvious faults. It had at least one desideratum — namely, quietness.

In a gleamy morning of February, 1921, I found myself in the lane mentioned in Sir Francis Darwin's description, leaning against the flint wall which his father built to separate passers-by from the frontage and approach to Down House. As I stood there, I instinctively began to count the windows in the stucco-visaged middle block — fifteen in all, five to each of the three floors. The two windows on the ground floor to my right I recognize as those of the old study in which the *Origin of Species* was written; the three in the same row to the left certainly open into the 'old' dining-room; the two rows of windows in the upper stories mark the bedrooms.

I see below me the red-roofed village of Down with its church spire covered with gray wooden shingles. The village

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is built irregularly at a crossroads, sheltered among tall elms, and only a meadow-length away. I see that the lane on which I stand issues from the west side of the village, passes the pond and the blacksmith's shop, creeps along the hedge on one side of the meadow, and presently turns along another toward where I stand. Then, curving past Down House, the lane holds its way mainly in a southerly direction, until it is lost in the wooded hollows and ridges which form, some six miles away, the flank of the Kentish plateau. It is an easy step to the village from Down House.

The sounds which issued from its windows on this February morning would have told me, had I not already known it, that Down House has become a school for girls — a young ladies' seminary. Presently I was within the entrance hall, which passage-like runs from front to back of the house. I was introduced by a letter which Major Leonard Darwin had kindly given me. Near the far end of the hall one might turn to either the right or the left. The passage or corridor to the left passed behind the rooms I had surveyed from the outside; the first door on the left leads into Darwin's old study — where so much was accomplished — now a teacher's room, while beyond is the door of the old dining-room, now a schoolroom. This left-hand corridor ends in the kitchen quarters. On its right side opens the roomy staircase leading to the bedroom floors above; beyond the staircase, between it and the kitchen, opens the door to the 'new' and spacious dining-room. Through that door in days gone by came and went Joseph Parslow, Darwin's butler, for forty years an integral part of the family; from within the dining-room one can almost catch an echo of a large and laughing family — one of the happiest in all England — an echo of sixty years ago.

We have been standing in the far end of the hall looking to our left along the corridor of the old house; near here in olden days stood the hall table with its jar of snuff. On our right open two doors, through either of which Darwin was wont to issue as he came to refresh himself from the jar. The first door leads into the study, the new study, with its fireplace in the wall opposite the door. At each side are the recesses where Darwin had his shelves and loose folios; one can see where the easy chair stood between the far window and the fireplace, and the position of the flat table near the middle of the room, and the bookcase against the wall on the left.

Just beyond the study-door opens that to the 'new' drawing-room, of goodly proportions and well lighted from the veranda window looking out on the shrubberied lawn behind the house. Who has not felt a tugging at the heartstrings when reading of the evenings which Mrs. Darwin and her husband spent here? There is only a partition between this room and the adjacent study where Darwin, more than any man, helped to free the human mind from the shackles of tradition.

Down House catches the afternoon sun, for it faces the south and west. Away in those directions lie the eighteen acres of lawn, garden, and paddock of which Charles Darwin was master for almost forty years — the scene of his many experimental triumphs.

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ALICE MEYNELL

BY J. L. GARVIN

[*Mr. Garvin, editor of the London* Observer, *is a distinguished writer on political subjects, whose wife and daughter usually devote themselves to literary subjects. The present paper is obviously inspired by a sense of personal loss. His reference to Francis Thompson recalls the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Meynell were among the closest friends of the poet. Mrs. Leo Maxse, to whose recent death reference is made, was the wife of the editor of the* National Review, *and an amateur musician of distinction.*]

From the *Observer, December* 3
(MIDDLE-GROUND LIBERAL)

I ONCE met a youth who lived with her books and the desert in Sind, on one of the loneliest posts of the service. In America, as at home and wherever English literature is intimately read on any side of the sea, her few became by insensible degrees almost a many. She seemed inseparable from the light of all their seeing. Now, like a drop in the ceaseless river of mortality, bearing us all toward the fathomless shadow even while it takes the sun, she too has vanished; not without leaving one of those immortal presences which inhabit our minds changelessly when fickle substance is fled away.

After more years, more decades, than she looked to number, that mystery has touched her which she prepared for with a grave beauty of the spirit from her very childhood so long ago. Unless by those aware of that forethoughtfulness in one susceptible to joy and care — for who does not pay painfully for every gift on the other side of it? — her work is not to be understood. To them it speaks some things that never had been spoken; finds words exact for emotions which it might have seemed impossible to translate out of the subtlety and evanescence of feeling into any fixed expression; and says other things, many so far more perfectly than they had been said before that they become her own and ours.

Earth closes on those who have been much to us, and each time a part of our own lives is buried with them. When friendship and reverence dating from the impressionable years, and continued through half of existence, have been awakened and strengthened by a double influence of essential genius and incomparable personality, something is gone which the world has not the wherewithal to replace; the world is altered once more as it was altered at moments of the War.

It could not seem the same again when an evening paper bought in the street informed me that Alice Meynell was dead. She was buried in the bright mist of Wednesday morning at Kensal Green, not far from the tomb of Francis Thompson, who wrote of her in his time in a cycle of songs resplendent and devout.

By one entitled to say it, they were compared with the praise of Beatrice and of Laura. There is this difference. Beatrice is a sanctified abstraction, Laura a vivid supposition; both are idealized objects of romantic meditation rather than persons recognizable as individual women.

Alice Meynell was in herself a person of her age, sure, as I think, of perpetual

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remembrance by posterity, even if half a dozen and more of her shining contemporaries had not competed in vain to spoil her with praises. It is what no one could do. Recognition only made her humble. For the ordeals of adversity in life or criticism she had all the fortitudes. Her controlling intellect stilled the hypersensitive nerves. They were sufficiently tested on occasion by hostile or minimizing or merely misunderstanding comment, but, on the whole, no woman of any time was given more reason, by plenitude of praise, to deepen her soul's humility. Ruskin, Rossetti, Patmore, Meredith, Francis Thompson — what a list! Neither Beatrice nor Laura had that marshalled testimony of many men of genius to a woman whose achievement in their own sphere was more slender, but of a security as absolute.

Those who know will excuse me if I put European events aside for once and turn from their discords to write of a great poet, a great woman and defender of women — a great person who could rise, as I shall indicate, even above sex and poetry. Her passing soon was inevitable, and yet, when it happened, knowledge and reason could not arm us against the sadness nor diminish the surprise. Though she became visibly fragile, we never could convince ourselves that she was old. Her own dark eyes — all good will, yet inscrutable — were to the end the eyes of a soul untouchable by years. Her smile was what it had ever been, only yet more clement, yet more charitable, as of one who shared all the world's grieving, and suffered for it through the War and after as few were capable; her voice was the same. And she whose silences were more usual than the things which made her the 'memorable lady' when she wrote them and said them, gave out more poetry in her last year when over seventy — that seemed so irrelevant and matterless — than she had ever done when her youth, too-compressed and over-responsible, was 'heavy beneath the poet's iron crown.' Some of her last verses — on autumn's singing bird, 'a lad, a lad,' not like the more emotional and interested lover-bird of Spring — appeared in the *Observer* a few weeks ago.

The word above all that named her to the end was Distinction. Coventry Patmore, himself an adept in that quality, first said it; and George Meredith confirmed it, though his critical scrutiny could penetrate the bone and marrow of false pretensions, and, however forward in the cause of women in general, he could be merciless toward the individual woman, despite all gifts and charms, whenever he saw her victimized by the emotional impulse. 'More brain, O Lord, more brain,' he demanded, meaning to be more definite than Goethe, who asked 'Light, more light.' In Alice Meynell he had to recognize, as they all did, the intellect. Not unfailing — not always proof against the quick emotional bias which is still woman's chief handicap in the open course of the world whereon she is entering — but veritable intellect, keen, puissant.

Not one of her poems but was the music of a thought, as most of her essays were the fruit of perception — a perception, an awareness of all the other wits, which never seemed either to notice or to listen, yet missed nothing that the usual five senses and the added sixth can seize or apprehend.

There remain in several countries broader reputations, more opulent vitalities, than hers: also moods of pessimism larger, more decisive, than any mood of hers — the firm but anxious believer, wholly committed to an ultimate faith of hope through renuncia-

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tion and sacrifice, but bound to think it out as far as might be, and find reasons for it with her unquenchable activity of intelligence. But having had this question long in mind and tested it by inquiry in several countries, I doubt, and more than doubt, whether any personality equal to her quality of distinction remains in the world which she has left.

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.
I cannot see —
I, child of process — if there lies
An end for me
Full of repose, full of replies.
I'll not reproach
The road that winds, my feet that err.
Access, approach
Art Thou — Time, Way, and Wayfarer.

And again: —

'You never attained to Him.' 'If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be.'
'Endless the way, followed with how much pain!'
'The way was He.'

But these two little things are quoted only to show the deep spiritual roots of her poetry, and are surpassed by at least twenty things which show the full-cupped flower of its art when it is more human and not less divine.

How easily one could quote the twenty and more. What living poet — and I think highly of several living poets — can pretend to match them for weight of significance and severe felicity of form? The form was sometimes too consciously perfect, too clearly, though admirably, intentional. Shakespeare with surpassing intellect, and Keats with a good one, were both invaded by poetic impulse through the physical senses — through 'sensation,' as Keats himself liked to put it, before that right word had been perverted and debased by the worse journalism.

By comparison, all Mrs. Meynell's work was willed. But so was Milton's, wherefrom — subconsciously and by assimilation, not copy — she chiefly derived. Her spiritual imagination was kindled and made daring by the more flagrant spirits of the metaphysical school to whom heaven and earth were but as the upper pattern and rough-threaded under-side of one stuff; but to find her masters and affinities in the form of versification, one would have to go back all the way to Milton and even beyond him to Donne and Campion. Our Campion, austere and subtle musician, was more like her — or I sometimes think so — than anyone. As: —

I shall be then a garden, charmed from changing,
In which your June has never passed away.
Walk there awhile amongst my memories.

Or: —

I touch not this day's secret nor the thing
That in the silence makes thy soft eyes wild.

Led into quoting, let me give two of the shortest things. The first is a 'Cradle Song': —

The child not yet is lulled to rest,
Too young a nurse, the slender night
So laxly holds him to her breast
That throbs with flight.

He plays with her and will not sleep.
For other playfellows she sighs;
An unmaternal fondness keep
Her alien eyes.

The second is that celebrated little poem which is like nobody else at all in its heavenly tenderness joined to that invulnerable, self-disciplined control: —

Home, home, from the horizon far and clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep;
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dovecote doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light
Of all these homing birds?
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?
Your words to me, your words!

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These I give in passing to show the enchanting rarity of her touch and the rarer honor of her heart, for her personal sense of honor was without weakness or flaw, delicate enough to judge the finest issue surely, strong enough to bear the sternest test. But these are minor pieces. There are a score which are either lovelier or greater. Some of them are to be found in the Oxford and other anthologies, and so well-known now, they need only be named.

'Renouncement' I think the finest sonnet ever written by a woman. Rossetti thought it one of the three finest, which would make it immortal enough. But I hold to my own opinion of its absolute superiority, and with Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning kept in mind, I could argue the poetic point if there were space here for that delightful employment. It has sometimes been thought faintly derived from that ardent old French sonnet by Louise Labé: —

Tout aussitot que je commence à prendre
Dans le mol lit le repos desiré.

That is worth knowing, but anyone who compares it will find that there is no spiritual or imaginative correspondence. 'Renouncement' has left as deep a mark upon the lives of many who have once encountered it as any poem can make, and women have carried it about with them for years. But nothing she wrote was without some word of permanent significance for life.

'The Shepherdess' everyone knows by now; that other wonderful woman who lately died, Mrs. Leo Maxse, set it blithely to old English music. 'The Lady Poverty,' in less than twenty lines, is a new education of the finer senses, psychic and physical; it has what I can only call a ravishing severity. What other word is there for this picture of Umbria? —

The stony fields where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

'The Two Poets' asks who makes the voice — the beech or the wind? Both do, and it is another profound parable. Who else has ever come near to describing so magnificently the rush of the northern heart to meet Italy, as it is done in 'The Watershed'? —

But oh, the unfolding South! the burst
Of summer! Oh to see
Of all the southward brooks the first!
The traveling heart went free
With endless streams; that strife was stopped;
And down a thousand vales I dropped,
I flowed to Italy.

For those who lost their sons in the War nothing can heal; but if they have daughters left, let them read 'A Father of Women,' one of the strongest poems written in the whole war; they will go with new courage about their ways, and so will their girls.

This brings me to her prose. She adored the memory of her father, who made it his chief affair to train two daughters, Alice the poet, Elizabeth the painter; and the four little pages of her essay are a whole biography miraculously condensed. We know the man. 'Loving literature, he never lifted a pen except to write a letter. He had an exquisite style from which to refrain. . . . He had always prayed temperate prayers and harbored probable wishes.' They also are both a liberal and, in Chaucer's sense, 'conservative' education of the acuter senses and the perceptions psychic and physical. After reading them, many things which have been around you all your life you see either for the first time or in a different way altogether. If you remain unacquainted with them there are certain elusive aspects of life which you never will know, for though you recognize them everywhere when she

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puts you on the track, it required her abnormal sensibilities to detect them.

So she writes freshly about the play of light in street and country, about boys bathing in Hyde Park, about clouds, winds, trees, rushes, and grass. There was something elemental in her, though in manners, as in writing, she seemed thrice-refined and civilized with an almost perilous completeness. Read in 'Ceres' Runaway' how the gay, incorrigible grass in Rome flies up to cornices and roofs and the tops of arches and defeats the eradicating efforts of a whole municipality. Even Mussolini cannot do it. When 'Symmetry and Incident' appeared long ago, she whetted all our distinguishing senses for art as well as for nature; and the 'Point of Honour' found the piercing test for all the humbug that abuses the good name of artistic impressionism.

In other essays she is the defender of women and singes the comic men — even those of considerable name — who have written ignoble things about women. Is it not true, as she said, that when the cheaper man — perhaps the average — sees in the other sex any fault which is merely human, he calls it female, and glories in telling the smoking-room how he knows them? She defends individual women — Olympe de Gouges, Prue Steele (how I like that!), Swift's Mrs. Dingley, usually so eclipsed by Stella, and even the wife of Samuel Johnson.

And Alice Meynell writes of children like their guardian angel. If we please to attend as she advises, we shall always understand them a little better because of her. The 'unready' mind of the young she interprets so that our necessary patience becomes more intelligent forever after; and no idea she had in prose was more original — and as it were enlarging — than her essay on 'The Illusion of Historic Time.' While the longer we live the shorter it seems, childhood has an Egyptian sense of antiquity. As she works it out, this little essay permanently modifies our sense of time, personal and historic.

I would not be understood as accepting everything. Her likings were always lovely and related to a good rule; her dislikes often seemed to be willful and argued from exceptions. Her appreciations are best. When she writes of anything she loves she is divining and divine. What she did not love she did not understand. Was that not a beautiful feminine thing about her, despite her disciplined intellect? When she dwells on the little faults in Jane Austen, Gibbon, Thackeray, and some others, I am little interested at a first reading and never re-read.

But the depreciations are a low proportion of a whole which is slender enough. In rather more than half a century of her life, she published only about one hundred poems. Her essays in volume form are fewer. Little to show for half a century of intense meditation and notice; but for that reason they are short and quintessential, packed with the matured fruit of the silence that sees and listens — catches a slight difference in the curves of eyelids, and attends to the sound of syllables as well as to the meaning of words.

As for the style of her prose, it is a nimble and shapely vehicle. She is equal mistress of the alternative languages, our Saxon and our Latin elements, which make good English by happy marriage. She is never banal and seldom precious; it is the unusualness of the thought that often makes her simplest sentences seem uncommon. She is an essayist of rank in our lasting literature. I am not saying that she is equal to either Bacon or

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Hazlitt, for she is not; she comes in the next degree; but she can be nearly as close as the one while as quick as the other. Her prose sentences are the rapid, lucid, defined, successive ripples of English, seldom its long, full wave. It is all of one consistency, and you cannot explain by quoting separate passages any more than you can show a stream by filling a teacup.

In prose and verse alike she was, I shall venture to say, a spiritual romantic disguised by classic forms; the impassioned heart so schooled to the last reserve of expression that some clever critics in their own haste have accused her of artifice, and even thought her cold. But each of her short pieces, verse or essay, contained part of the essence distilled from a deliberate and vigilant life; you cannot apprehend a year of hers by a moment of your own; you must bring leisure to her like decent manners; otherwise of the cleverest critic in a hurry she will make a noodle.

So she was praised, as I have said, by the masters of insight — Ruskin, Rossetti, Patmore, Meredith, Stevenson, Francis Thompson, 'Fiona Macleod.' With a kind reference in an excellent article, the *Daily Telegraph* calls me the most passionate of her admirers. Among that company the compliment is too strong. That it might seem so never occurred to me. I cannot kindle until after reflection, but let me confess that among her reasoning admirers none is more unchangeably extreme.

In the *Saturday Review*, after Tennyson's death, Coventry Patmore suggested her for Poet Laureate. One wishes that the national recognition had given her the formal wreath. It would have been a stroke of genius to make a woman the last Laureate to Queen Victoria. The whole world would have been quickened by the interest of it. It would have required a Beaconsfield to do it. But she was crowned in her own right. Francis Thompson requested her to

> Teach how the Crucifix may be
> Carven from the laurel tree.

It was what she taught in all her ways and works her whole life long, wherein nothing trivial, nor mean, nor for self, was ever known.

When I sat down I desired to write a very different article from what this is, as it turns out. I intended to speak of her rather than of her writings, to leave some picture of the woman and her circle at Palace Court and elsewhere in the old days and later. I thought to recall that drawing-room and dining table where there was gifted company such as came together nowhere else — all varieties of originals inimitably mixed — and some of the best talk in the world. I had things to tell of Francis Thompson, Aubrey de Vere, George Meredith, Wilfrid Blunt, Sargent, Augustus John, 'the children,' and of Wilfrid Meynell, her husband, the man of all charities, who harmonized us round her. With the quality to make a rememberable name of his own he leaves for her sake nothing but paragraphs. So far; presently he must write more than paragraphs. If I could have made that circle live again here, it would have added a chapter to the literary history of our time. Enough that Francis Thompson has left a psychic portrait as exact as Sargent's drawing of the balanced grace of her figure: —

> There regent melancholy wide controls;
> There Earth- and Heaven-Love play for aureoles;
> There sweetness out of sadness breaks at fits,
> Like bubbles on dark water, or as flits
> A sudden silver fin through its deep infinites;
> There feeling stills her breathing with her hand,
> And Dream from Melancholy part wrests the wand;
> And in the contemplation of those eyes,
> Passionless passion, wild tranquillities.

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THE PROPHETIC CAMERA

BY L. DE GIBERNE SIEVEKING

From the *English Review, November*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THERE were moments in the life of Mr. Muffle when he was glad his wife was not present. She constantly upbraided him for being a 'soft-hearted fool.'

'We may as well put the shutters up at once,' said she, 'if every time I leave you alone in the shop you empty the till into the lap of the first person who brings in a piece of good-for-nothing rubbish.' But then she was made of harder stuff than he was. On this particular evening he was particularly glad that she had gone off to a sale at Islington and would not be back for some time.

He was too distressed at the appearance of the miserable individual who furtively crept up to the counter to appraise with a businesslike eye the thing which the other set down before him. The miserable-looking man fumbled with one hand on the counter and said:

'What will you allow me on this?'

Mr. Muffle picked up the large old box-camera and turned it over once or twice. 'What do you want for it?' he asked.

'What'll you 'llow me?' persisted the other almost inaudibly.

'Three and six,' with a shrug of his shoulders, though he felt sure the camera was worth practically nothing.

'Make it five bob.'

Mr. Muffle looked from the camera to its owner. He shook his head. The other's face fell.

''Tis n't really worth half-a-crown, by rights,' murmured Mr. Muffle, thinking of his wife's return that evening.

'It's worth a good deal more than that, indeed it is,' said the other. 'Why, the lens alone — '

Mr. Muffle moved about uneasily and glanced at the clock. 'All right,' he said suddenly, and went to his desk to make out the pawn ticket. In another moment the man had gone, and with him went five shillings which would be very hard to account for.

Luckily Mrs. Muffle was in a good humor when she returned, having bought some old china and glass very cheaply, and she merely snorted with a contemptuous little laugh when she saw the camera, and pushed it out of the way among a lot of unsalable uniforms that had been brought in by men home from South Africa.

That had been in November. Now it was spring again. The Euston Road was drying up under the hard bright rays of the early May sunlight. Mr. Muffle was standing in the doorway of his shop reading a leading article on Campbell-Bannerman in the *Daily News*. He turned when a voice from behind him called his name. His little nephew, who was staying with them, caught hold of his arm.

'Oh, uncle!' he said, 'I shall be going to-morrow, and I forgot to tell you that father made me promise to be sure and not forget to bring back a photo of you and Aunt Mabel.'

'Why, Charlie,' said his uncle, 'me and your aunt ain't had our picture took for nigh on eight years. Your father has seen all those old things.'

'Ain't you got a camera?' asked the

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boy. 'Then I could just take a snap in no time.'

'Never 'ad a camera in me life,' replied his uncle, peering under his hand at the clock on St. Pancras tower.

'What's that?' said his wife's voice from the gloom behind the counter. 'Have you forgotten that thing you lent five good shillings of my money for last year? Might as well say "gave," for all the chance there is of him ever coming back for it!'

'There you are, Uncle Robin!' cried the boy. 'Let's have a look at it.'

Mrs. Muffle, muttering to herself, got upon a chair, and reached into a dusty corner. Then she returned to the counter and banged the old camera down on it.

'Look out, aunt! You'll smash the works.' Charlie picked it up and carried it out into the light. After blowing the dust off, he had soon pressed the knob which opened the back.

'It'll take quarter-plate,' he announced cheerfully. And then, pressing the bulb, he looked through the lens at the sky. 'Looks all right,' he said. 'Come on, Uncle Robin, give me a bob and I'll go and buy a packet of plates at the chemist opposite.'

'Making six good shillings in all thrown away,' observed his aunt sourly.

Five minutes later Charlie was in the cupboard under the counter, carefully sliding the plates into their sockets as well as he could in the dark. Soon he emerged, radiant but rumpled, and ordered his aunt and uncle out into the street. He made them stand together just beneath the three golden balls.

'Put your arm round my neck, Mabel,' said Mr. Muffle, with an effort at jocularity, 'and pretend we're on our 'oneymoon.'

'You button up your coat,' said his wife severely, 'and smooth your 'air a bit. Then you might look more like a man and less like a cab 'orse.'

Poor Mr. Muffle wore a very chastened expression as his nephew pressed the bulb of the old camera.

'Now,' said Charlie, as he pulled the knob and dropped the first plate, 'now you take one of me. Me and Aunt Mabel together.' So saying, he handed his uncle the camera and stood beside his aunt with a perky, self-conscious air.

Mr. Muffle pressed the bulb.

'Now I'll take one of the Euston Road,' said he, as a happy thought struck him. 'I've often thought I'd like one took just from this very door. But 'ow do you shift the plates?'

His nephew showed him, and they shook the second plate down. He looked through the view-finder and saw a little man talking to a policeman in the near foreground, a hansom cab bowling along towards him, and two horse-'buses drawn up on the further side of the street. The advertisement on the side of the nearer 'bus caught his eye:

HENRY IRVING IN 'OTHELLO'

He pressed the bulb once again, and, turning to the others, 'But who's a-going to develop them?' he asked.

'The chemist over the way,' replied his nephew. 'I asked him.'

'What'll *that* cost?' demanded his aunt sharply.

'Ooo, not much.'

Next morning, after breakfast, Charlie went across to the chemist, and returned in a few moments, running.

'Look here!' he said, bursting into the parlor. 'This *is* a go! It is a funny camera and no mistake. They've come out all wrong. It's took something altogether different!'

'What do you mean?' said his uncle, stretching out a buttery thumb and forefinger. He looked closely at the

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print for a few moments, and then he jumped up with an exclamation, and, pushing the boy aside, he gazed incredulously at the other two photographs on the table.

'Aunt Mabel!' cried Charlie up the stair. 'Aunt Mabel, come quickly. The photos have come out mighty queer. You have n't come out at all! And uncle — '

Soon all three of them were staring in blank amazement. In the first photograph Mr. Muffle was standing against the shop by himself. On his face a placid, comfortable expression which looked completely unfamiliar to him. He had filled out, apparently, and though he looked perfectly well and happy, and very much better dressed, he seemed to have aged considerably. The cut of his coat and the style of his collar and tie struck them as particularly odd. The name over the shop, above his head, was no longer R. Muffle, but E. Watson. Also the three golden balls were no longer to be seen. The second photograph was that of a young man of about twenty-eight, in overalls, with a large spanner in one hand.

'Why! It's you, Charlie!'

'Can't be me. And yet it *do* seem to be like me some'ow.' And then, 'I say!' in an awestruck tone, 'he's lost two fingers off his left hand.'

Of the third photograph they could make neither head nor tail at first. It appeared to be of a wide, straight thoroughfare completely unknown to them. There were a large number of odd-looking, small, square vehicles, unlike anything they had ever seen before. In the near foreground was a police inspector talking to a man in a bath chair. On the opposite side of the street there were two omnibuses without horses, on whose sides was an advertisement.

'Them things,' said Mr. Muffle in a bewildered voice, 'looks like motor cars, but I'm sure I never seed one that shape before! And what a lot of them! 'Buses, too.'

The advertisement read:

BEERBOHM TREE IN 'JULIUS CÆSAR'

'There's the corner of St. Pancras!' cried his wife, pointing her finger at it. 'But whatever's that huge building opposite to it? I never saw *that* before.'

'It's the Euston Road,' said Charlie.

'Where's that camera?'

Charlie produced it.

Mr. Muffle took it gingerly over to the window of the parlor. Suddenly he gave a little gasp. On the side of the camera was a circle of metal like a clock-face, about two inches in diameter. So discolored was it that it was hardly distinguishable from the faded leather round it. He rubbed it briskly with his sleeve. The other two crowded round him.

'Whatever are all those figures?' said Charlie. 'And look, there's a little arrow pointing. You can move it round with your finger.'

Mr. Muffle did so. 'I wonder what it's for,' he said.

Charlie's face glowed suddenly with inspiration.

'Where was the arrow? What figure was the arrow against when we took the photos?' he asked in a hushed voice.

'Fourteen, I think,' said his uncle. And then, 'Yes, fourteen.'

'Fourteen *years!*' said Charlie.

'What do you mean — years?' said his aunt quickly. 'And why did n't I come out in the photos, anyway?'

Something dawned on Mr. Muffle.

'Because you're — ' said he, and stopped.

There was a long pause. And then she said, looking at the photograph of her husband:

'But you look so well . . . and happy . . . Robin.'

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There was a step at the door. Charlie turned and saw the chemist from across the road. He was a cheerful-looking man about thirty-five, with a pale moustache.

'Mind if I have another look at those photos I developed?' he asked.

The others said nothing. For a long time he scrutinized the photograph of the Euston Road. Then he picked up the camera and, opening it, he put his hand inside and felt about.

'This arrow in the disc of figures does n't seem to be connected with anything. Nothing comes through from outside,' he said at last.

'It's *impossible*,' said Mr. Muffle, with an air of finality.

'Nothing is impossible,' said the chemist.

'Well, you developed them,' said Mrs. Muffle accusingly.

'But I did n't take them,' said the chemist. 'And what I want you to let me do is to make a few experiments myself. Now I'll go across to my place and load the camera up full of new plates, and then we'll take six photographs, turning the arrow on five figures each time. Ten — fifteen — twenty —'

'Thirty years,' murmured Mrs. Muffle to herself. 'I don't believe it. I *won't* believe it! To think you paid five shillings for this — this —'

The chemist returned almost at once with the camera in his hand. 'Come out in the street,' he said in an excited voice.

Charlie eyed him, open-mouthed. Handing the camera to Mr. Muffle, the chemist said: 'Now you take six photos of me, and turn the arrow to five the first time, ten the next time, and so on.'

'Are n't you afraid?' said Mrs. Muffle.

'Not me!' said the chemist, stuffing his hands into his trouser pockets. But for all that his face was pale.

With a trembling hand Mr. Muffle prepared to do as he was asked. But his nephew took the camera from him, saying: 'You can't do it like that, uncle, you're shaking so.'

After peering once quickly through the view-finder, Charlie pressed the bulb six times, dropping a plate and turning the arrow on five points between each.

'Right,' said the chemist, taking the camera from him. 'I shan't be long.'

'Is n't there room for us in your dark-room?' asked Mr. Muffle eagerly.

'I say! Yes, *is* there?' chimed in Charlie.

'Come along,' said the chemist, and they crossed the road.

'I am sure it can't be right, and I don't believe it, anyway,' muttered Mrs. Muffle, turning back into the shop.

However, she was unable to think of anything else. In about a quarter of an hour she locked the front door and followed them across the road to the chemist's shop.

'Where are you?' She raised her voice slightly.

Following the sound of talking which she heard, she went through into the back of the shop. She came to a door which was shut. From the other side of this came the chemist's voice:

'And now the last one,' he said, and his voice was full of emotion.

She waited in silence.

Then she heard Charlie say, 'It's coming out. You're not there!'

For a long time there was only the sound of the plate clicking against the side of the dish as the chemist tilted it.

'Yes, you *are* there, you're sitting down.'

'Hooray!' shouted the chemist. 'I'm sixty-five! And don't I look prosperous just?'

The door opened.

'They're fixing,' he said on seeing

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Mrs. Muffle. 'I'll show you them in a moment.'

'Then it *is* true,' she said quietly.

Soon they were all looking at the wet plates as the chemist held them up for a minute to the light before dropping them into clean water. Each one showed him slightly older, and in the third the name over the Muffles' shop had changed to Watson, and the three golden balls had gone. The window was full of books.

'I'm fifty there,' said the chemist.

'What I want to know,' said Mr. Muffle, 'is what I'm doing then, if a chap called Watson has got the shop. Oh, by the way though, I'm fifty-four then. But however did I come to look so rich?'

'It won't be your own doing, you may be sure,' said his wife.

The chemist held up the last three one by one.

'And see,' he said at the last one, 'I'm sixty-five there. I've a good mind to take another six.'

'Which would be tempting Providence,' said Mrs. Muffle.

'Tempting your grandmother!' he responded cheerfully. 'That would only bring me to ninety-four.'

'Take a dozen,' suggested Charlie facetiously.

'You're a Noptimist!' laughed the chemist.

That day in the parlor behind the Muffles' shop the four of them could think and talk of nothing else. The chemist was full of tremendous suggestions. At first he was all for advertising the camera's capabilities, and charging so much a head to show people in black-and-white exactly what their fate would be. And then, on second thoughts he came to the conclusion that it would be better to continue the experiments for a while. For, as Mr. Muffle pointed out, the camera did not really belong to them. The chemist replied that, if ever the owner returned to redeem it, they might buy it from him. No sum appeared to him too large for this purpose.

'Of course, telling people the future . . . well, we can't do it,' reflected the chemist.

'That's exactly what we *can* do,' said Mr. Muffle.

'No, I mean it's illegal.'

And then he went off on the most fantastic flights of imagination.

'We could take photographs of places centuries and centuries ahead, and see exactly what's going to happen. What kind of buildings . . . architecture . . . feats of engineering . . . means of transport . . . people's clothes. Why!' he cried, 'we could take a photo of the end of the world!'

'Don't be blasphemous,' said Mrs. Muffle. 'It would go off bang as a judgment, if you did. Besides, what's all this "we"? It is n't your camera, as I know of.'

'Well, it is n't ours either,' interpolated Mr. Muffle.

The chemist judiciously passed this point over.

'It's queer,' he went on. 'The camera shows us what we're going to become —'

'Of course the camera cannot lie,' snorted Mrs. Muffle in parenthesis.

'And perhaps,' continued the chemist, 'the camera is going to be the means by which we achieve fortune. When we've formed the company . . . Prophecies, Limited . . . or: Forewarned Fore-armed Trust . . .'

'Second Sight Syndicate!' cried Mr. Muffle, fired by the other's enthusiasm.

The chemist got up and strode about the room.

'By a series of photographs taken according to a calculated time and place we shall be able to foretell social changes, evolutions, revolutions, falls

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of Governments, wars and their results. Can't you see a series of photographs taken in the House of Commons, showing who'll be sitting on what benches ten, twenty, forty years hence? How prices alter from the effect of war? By photographing shop windows with ticketed objects. If the prices on the tickets come out double — treble what they are at present, we shall know that once again England has won a war! We shall be able to go to Prime Ministers and charge them fabulous sums for photographs of the House of Commons Register three years hence.'

Mr. Muffle objected.

'What would be the good,' he reasoned, 'of showing anybody anything? We might show one man how he would die by the hangman's rope, but that would n't enable him to avoid it. If it did, the photo would n't be true. It would be merely a suggestion as to what might happen. We might demonstrate to any number of people the actual, precise, and detailed result of a revolution that was inevitably going to take place. Famine . . . waste . . . disease . . . rioting. But in so much as it was inevitable, it would 'ave to 'appen, and I'm sure nobody would be any better for the knowing of it. The politicians could change their way of going on as much as they pleased, but if what the camera said was going to 'appen, *was* going to 'appen, what they did would be what they would have done in any case.'

The chemist waved him to silence with an exasperated sweep of the arm.

'As if those were the only possibilities,' he said. 'Think how we might get the whole history of the world, backwards and forwards from beginning to end!'

'The arrow won't go backwards,' said Mr. Muffle. 'You can only push it round one way. From nought right round to nought again. Besides which, I'm positive it ain't no good knowing the future unless it's pleasant.'

'Well,' responded the chemist, 'we could take people's photos — at a price — and we could decide when we developed them whether their future was a happy one or not. And if it was n't, why, we need n't show 'em.'

'That would be worse than showing them!' ejaculated Mrs. Muffle. 'Then they'd be quite sure it was bad, only they would n't know *how* bad it was!'

'Anyway,' said the chemist, 'whether it benefits me or not, I'm going to know all about the future. I am going to take thousands and thousands of photos. There must be lots of people with money who would be quite willing to pay and never consider whether it would do them any good or not. Think of a photograph of New York or Paris in the year 3000! Perhaps the Channel with bridges across it . . . flying machines as big as liners . . . a new kind of animal . . . or even of the Euston Road in five hundred years' time! Why, man! Only think —'

The shop bell rang.

'Run and see what they want, Charlie,' said his aunt.

Charlie returned with a pawn ticket and handed it to his uncle.

Muttering that he would not be a moment, Mr. Muffle went into the shop. In answer to an excited shout, the three of them followed him a moment later.

'It's *him!* It's *him!*' said Mr. Muffle, clutching the chemist's arm.

The chemist pulled himself together.

'I've took rather a fancy to your camera,' he said to the miserable-looking individual. 'How'd you like to sell it me for a reasonable price?'

'I don't want to sell it,' replied the other in a sad voice.

'Well,' said the chemist a little breathlessly, 'what would you say to five pounds? Come, now!'

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'I don't want to sell it,' repeated the other.

'Would n't you sell it — reelly — not at all?' urged Mr. Muffle, leaning over the counter with his hands clasped and his eyes shining.

'You've got my ticket,' said the sad-looking man, 'and here's the money. Give me the camera.'

'He's perfectly right,' said Mrs. Muffle in a firm voice, and she handed him the camera.

'You shut your mouth!' said the chemist. And then to Mr. Muffle: 'We can't — we *must n't* let it go! We must make him a partner or something. We must hire it. Look here,' he continued, turning to the stranger, 'do you know what that camera of yours will do?'

The sad-looking man turned towards them with his hand on the door.

'If you've been using it,' he said quietly, 'well, you've been using it, that's all. Good afternoon.'

He stepped out into the street.

The offer of some vast sum framed itself on Mr. Muffle's silent lips. For a moment they gazed at each other motionless. Then Mrs. Muffle picked up the money and put it in the till. Suddenly the chemist was galvanized into action.

'I must follow him!' he shouted, and rushed to the door.

He looked wildly up and down the Euston Road, where the heavy afternoon traffic was rumbling by.

But the sad-faced man had disappeared. . . .

THE DANCE OF THE YOUNG OLD MAIDS

BY WILLIAM BOLITHO

From the *Outlook, December* 2
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

There is always a reason, often a sad one, behind popular festivals, however boisterous and merry their outward show. When the inner kernel shrivels, the holiday droops; no folklore society can restore it. So Guy Fawkes's day is quiet since Emancipation; and Lord Mayors' processions are not the same as when London fought kings. When the mob quits work to dance and joke in the street, unbid, something serious is afoot, as surely as behind the clowning miracle-play was the 'dolorous hope' of Christianity. Songs and horse-play are the only way a crowd can express itself for a whole day; even wakes are done with music. For no one can weep in company for long, nor laugh alone. Rarest of all, feasts exclusively for women, who have always a bitter simplicity in their hearts. Beware when the savage women steal out together to mourn Tammuz. So with the more demure revels of Saint Catherine, kept up, in Paris, according to custom, by all seamstresses, mantua-makers, and milliners.

The Paris our women know — elegant arsenal of fashion — is held up by the lively fingers of the best needle-women in the world. Their day has its importance. Badly paid and organized, they are hard done by the rest of the year, by the hardest-headed and hearted

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organization in Europe, the great Dressmakers' Syndicate. But once a year they revolt, to feast the mystery of their Saint Catherine. With that adaptability to what-must-be, which the first Worth brought over the Channel as his only capital, the great houses yield, set out champagne in the ateliers, send out for sweet cakes and violins, and let the girls dance.

More, by a knowing generosity, in old Worth's manner if not by his invention, they give them stuff-remnants to make fancy dress for themselves, which they do with cut and style no millionairess could buy with mere money. These artist-workgirls show themselves in the upper windows in their creations, snaring the attention of rich passers on their way to the Ritz, in the Place Vendôme, making magnificent advertisement for the good of the house. Paquin, Worth, and Doucet are shut. Puzzled customers see every window up to the roofs blossomed out in delicious masquerade; hear laughter and tunes creeping out of unsuspected basements under their feet, and brush against bunches of shining girls in costumes of every fancy, tripping inquisitively the reserved pavements of the Rue de la Paix. It is the Women's Carnival; every street round the dressmakers' quarter is taken up by it.

It starts in the morning. Everyone comes late, for once. The early comers joke and nudge, peeping at the good things set out in the sewing-machine rooms, putting on their fancy costumes, if they have them, and admiring the others. By and by, the 'first hands' arrive with mysterious cardboard boxes holding the 'Catherine caps' they have made — the central symbol of the fête. In the big houses this year, these are made of lace like delicate nightcaps, and everywhere trimmed with ribbons of two colors — green for jealousy, and yellow for scorn. When all are come, they give them to the girls who have the right and duty to wear them. Saint Catherine's wheel of spikes and her theology are lost, but not her cap and not her virgin martyrdom. All know whose turn has come; the workroom keeps no secrets, and when one hangs back or turns reluctant, the others kiss her kindly and gently force her to put it on. Every Catherinette has received, by the first post, a Valentine card, with midget mob-cap and the pretty, doleful ribbons stuck on. Mock protests, giggles, and scuffles in the corner, while the wine is served to all.

This is the consecration of old maids with the Catherine Cap. Who reaches twenty-five years without being married or asked is obliged to wear the cap by imprescriptible tradition of the workroom. It is a universal custom to mock at old maids. These follow it, and laugh, in company, at themselves. But younger minxes, to encourage sisters and friends, or because the cap is charming, bring out illegal 'Catherines' of their own, and don them.

Already the adventurous are leaning at the street windows, waving excitedly to the neighbors; the new Catherinettes are pushed forward; where there is a balcony and the girls have made fancy dress, the pierrots, harlequins, dandies, macaronis, and little jockeys show themselves to the crowd. The violins encourage them, and the unaccustomed wine. Some of them tumble downstairs, and link up in the street below, the capped ones in the centre, keeping tight hold of each other's thin arms; they totter and run a little way on their high heels. Some pretend to knock off men's hats, if these are alone and do not look rough. All at once you see them stop, here and there, to start eager conversations on dress and ages with their friends, steadying themselves against the rushes of the groups behind as if they had suddenly forgotten

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that the moment before they had been screaming and absorbed in the fun.

Some turn off to the Boulevards, though never far from their own quarter, for they are not very brave. Most go on to their ball, to stand about till opening time. This year it was in the 'Continental' rooms, used the rest of the year for fashionable burgher-weddings and other dull affairs. There are thick carpets on the stairs; on every marble landing a ton of ornamental brass worked up in a lamp-stand. It is very rich. The rooms are massively gilded in arches and vaulted ceiling, like a golden prison for Incas, with great candelabra, each a hundredweight of broken glass, hanging over the floor. At one end across trestles is a buffet, where waiters, subtly relaxed from their daily dignity, stand ready to sell iced lemonade, biscuits, and common, white wine. At one o'clock, while the burghers are still lunching, the swarm chatters in. The 'Upside Down Band' (from Chicago) starts a lament for Dixie; the girls catch each other round the waists and pass along the floor. The trombone and the violins are more exciting than wine.

Here the austere meaning of the festival is revealed. What was before only a discreet workshop revel, mixed with cunning advertisement, clung to by the girls as their last liberty, is changed nowadays into a fiercer and livelier celebration of what war has done for women. It is a more universal celebration than the lifeless officialities of Armistice Day under the Arc de Triomphe. Even the factories of the outer suburbs have joined in, unasked. It is louder — not rough, but different from the demure promenade of former years, more audacious and real. For never before have poor Catherinettes been so numerous, nor so unfortunate. As a sign of the change, the cap itself, which was a grotesque thing like a valentine, not often a pleasant gift, has been turned by feminine instinct, now that all will have to wear it, into a gracious morsel of soft lace.

There are few men left, the war has taken them almost all, all worth having. The floor is crowded with women, dancing together. Before the war men pressed to the Catherine dance; now there are only a score of sulky boys of the spoilt generation, and a dozen older men, already husbands and fathers of a few among these very girls. There is not one marriageable man in the room. The war has done that. These thousands of Catheriners, if not beautiful, have the fragile and childlike charm of the Parisian woman, their clothes made by themselves are marvels of taste and needlework, if, apart from the masquerade dresses of the great houses, of poor stuff; no princess could look more desirable, for they have made them themselves (though of butter muslin), and Paris fashions are made for no other figures than those of these frustrate, thrifty little virgins.

Never have there been so many pretty girls unmarried in Paris. These girls are honest creatures, the aristocracy of French workwomen. They have been robbed of the only ambition which their simplicity desired. The generation that died on the frontier were the husbands of whom they have been cheated.

The humble dance is something grander than it seems, and the festival of these girls, whom Death has cheated forever of all they could want, and left nothing but the prospect of sterile and laborious days to old age, for all their poor perfumes and the slender arts of coquetry to which they cling, is more tragic and austere than any holy selfishness of nuns. They do not feel this now; and for hours they wave up and down in dance in the frail arms of their sisters, to enjoy to the uttermost the bitter holiday of Saint Catherine.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

HER THIRD BIRTHDAY

BY SIR WILLIAM WATSON

[One Hundred Poems]

My tiny lady, can it
Be true that you and I
On something called a planet
Are somewhere in the sky?

Yes — and at such a tearing
And madcap speed we've spun,
That you with dreadful daring
Have thrice been round the sun.

Nay it yet more amazes,
That my far-venturing girl
Can be as fresh as daisies
After so wild a whirl!

And now 'neath western billow
The sun is put to bed
And you, too, on your pillow
Must lay a golden head.

Ah, tears — they come so quickly
For grief so quickly gone!
Yet joys have rained as thickly
For you to dream upon.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FIFTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

BY SIR WILLIAM WATSON

[One Hundred Poems]

For three things give I thanks this August morn.
Deep thanks, that there has been vouchsafed to me
A perfect spouse, pure as the perfect sea.
Deep thanks, that unto me of late was born
A daughter who, though perilously torn
Out of her mother's woeful agony
Is joyous as the flowers that fill with glee;
Her eyes are as yon laughing fields of corn.
Deep, deepest thanks, that I have now regained
That faith in God which I did lose so long:
The God who oft-times with bewildering gloom
Muffled his beams: Who darkly hath sustained
And guided, when I knew not and from whom
I had at birth His heavenly gift of song.

THE UNKNOWN GOD

BY SIR WILLIAM WATSON

[One Hundred Poems]

When, overarched by gorgeous night,
I wave my trivial self away;
When all I was to all men's sight
Shares the erasure of the day;
Then do I cast my cumbering load,
Then do I gain a sense of God.

Not him that with fantastic boasts
A sombre people dreamed they knew;
The mere barbaric God of Hosts
That edged their sword and braced their thew:
A God they pitted 'gainst a swarm
Of neighbor Gods less vast of arm.

* * *

O streaming worlds, O crowded sky,
O Life, and mine own soul's abyss,
Myself am scarce so small that I
Should bow to Deity such as this!
This my Begetter? This was what
Man in his violent youth begot.

The God I know of I shall ne'er
Know, though He dwells exceeding nigh.
Raise thou the stone and find me there
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.
Yea, in my flesh His spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far for me to know.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A LATIN AUTOMOBILE AND OTHER LATINITIES

LATIN is steadily getting to be a deader language — for of course, with languages, there are degrees in deadness. Greek reached the ultimate in that quality long ago. Nobody reads it nowadays but college professors, and — as any traveling hardware-salesman will tell you without even being asked — they're all back numbers. Latin has been kept alive, first, because it is n't quite so difficult, second, because a worthy organization with a long name — none other than the College Entrance Examination Board — has an awkward way of demanding it from those who want to get into college. In Hungary, it was really a living spoken language well down into the middle of the nineteenth century. It is still the language of formal occasions in the great English Universities, and, of course, it will always be the official language of the Roman Catholic Church.

But there is no denying that Latin studies have been going down hill. College students cut their corners and content themselves with the bare minimum permitted. The scientists — particularly the applied scientists — scoff at it and demand more time for their own hobbies. No, it is not to be disputed. Latin nowadays is in a bad way.

But the classics have their defenders. Professor Shorey uttered some home truths a few years ago in 'The Assault on Humanism.' Professor Gilbert Murray does yeoman service to Greek by the superlative excellence of his translations, which in themselves are enough to make anybody want to read the originals; and there are enthusiasts, like Mr. Arcadius Avellanus in America, who turn modern novels into excellent Latin for the benefit of their students, while in Paris labors M. Charles Dumaine, who gives such interesting conferences at the *Université des Annales* (the French equivalent of Chautauqua) and who teaches Latin as a living and spoken language.

His method is detailed in his new book on *Conversations latines*, which contains the simple conversations of every day — the words and phrases which the school boy who has been drilled through Cicero could n't use to save his life, and yet which are the very soul of the language. M. Dumaine teaches his pupils how to say Good-morning and Good-night, how to ask your friends to dinner, how to make Latin table-talk during the dinner, and how to tell your family about it after you go home. For some of his material he is indebted to the *Colloquies* of Erasmus; the rest is original.

Many a busy modern may not think that way of studying a dead language is worth very much. What he fails to see is that it is such study that gives modern students the real 'feel' of the dead language, and some hope of eventually understanding it. Understanding a language, needless to say, is something very different from that conventional wielding of the lexicon, which turns most of the best students against the classics.

It is surprising how little difficulty M. Dumaine finds in fitting the ancient tongue to the needs of modern life. After all, the life of the later Roman Empire was very complex and more like our own life than we may care to think. Its vocabulary fits ours in many cases, and where it does n't, the new word almost makes itself. *Aerium*

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navigium is self-explanatory. *Palæstra aeronautica*, it is not very difficult to guess, is an aviation field. *Pictura volubilis* does fairly well for the movies; one might invent others. *Tractorium* is a rather better word for a railway engine than our own 'locomotive,' even though a Roman would understand the English word without difficulty.

A degree of stimulus is imparted to 'Neo-Latin' literature in Europe by the *Certamen Hœufftianum* at Amsterdam, through which two new works have just been published — *Asteria*, by Father Sofia-Alessio, and Signor Carlo Bianchini's *Davi reditus ad Inferos*. The *Certamen* was endowed by a wealthy and enthusiastic humanist, who left money in the care of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Amsterdam to be used as an annual prize for the most distinguished work in modern Latin. The competition is open to citizens of every country, and the only conditions are: that no poem may be shorter than fifty verses nor treat unduly personal subjects, and that every work must be unpublished when submitted. Translations into Latin are not accepted.

Father Sofia-Alessio's *Asteria* is a religious story in verse. It recounts simply, and with a good deal of feeling, how a young woman, an invalid, hears from afar of Christ's miracles of healing and goes to the Holy Land with her husband. They arrive just at the time of the crucifixion, but at the tomb of the Risen Christ, her cure is wrought.

Signor Bianchini's *Davi reditus ad Inferos — The Return of Davus to Hades* — is a satire on modern Rome which purports to be after the Horatian manner; and one needs small Latin and no Greek at all to see that this poem is very good fun. Davus obtains permission to leave the infernal regions to return to earth and inspect Rome as it is to-day. He comes. He gazes upon modern life. He beholds automobiles, industry, the reign of the machine, moving pictures — and he goes contentedly back to hell. Who can blame him?

This is Davus's impression of the automobiles which — we feel quite sure from the note of personal feeling in the description — must have missed him by inches:

. . . velox atque assiduum faciunt iter illic
ferrati currus ferrato in calle ruentes,
quos secum trahit, igne impellente, aenea moles,
sibila longa ciens et nigro turbine fumans
horrisonosque efflans bombos raucumque fragorem.

(Yonder they rush, swiftly and perpetually,
Hard wheels dashing along a hard pathway,
Fire bearing onward those whom the bronze mass encloses,
Emitting long hisses, smoking with whirling black vapor,
Sending forth a hollow sound fearful to hear and a raucous tumult.)

Davus also sees a cinema and his impressions are perhaps worth recording:

Vivas effigies tabulam altera machina trudit ad albam,
quam lux inlustrat rutila (obtegit umbra theatrum);

(Another machine threw living images on a white screen,
Where a reddish light burned while darkness covered the theatre.)

His descriptions of life as it is lived to-day on this amazing planet must have hugely increased the contentment in Hades.

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PUSHKIN RELICS

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT is endeavoring to secure possession of a collection of Pushkin relics, now in Paris, which has been gathered by M.

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Alexander Oneguin, a Russian gentleman now living in Paris. The collection, which represents the labor of M. Oneguin's lifetime, consists of unpublished works, and pictures, sculpture, and other objects of interest relating to the master, as well as letters and other documents which have to do with Yukovsky and Ivan Turgenev. There are more than a hundred Turgenev relics.

M. Oneguin has lived in Paris since 1866. He was an intimate friend of Turgenev. In 1907, he proposed to give his collection to the Petrograd Academy of Science, and he then received a small annuity from the Tsar's Government as a recognition of his generosity. The proposed presentation did not, however, take place, and the Academy has recently sent one of its members, Professor Modeste Hofman, to Paris, to inquire into the matter. Professor Hofman has already arranged to bring out some of the unpublished works in the collection. Although the Soviet is said to have asked that the collection be sent to Russia at an early date, it seems unlikely that M. Oneguin, who is more than eighty years old, will consent to part with his treasures.

It is rather curious that this Pushkin collector should bear the same surname as one of Pushkin's heroes — Eugène Oneginin, usually supposed to be a name that the writer invented, adapting it from the Onega river. The precedent thus established, of naming your hero from a stream, was later followed by Lermontov.

✽

'THE RUMOR,' A PLAY WITH AN UNSEEN ACTOR

THE LONDON STAGE SOCIETY, which includes among its good works the task of giving untried dramatists of worth a chance to gain a hearing, has once again justified its existence, in the view of London's critics, by producing *The Rumor*, a new play by 'C. K. Munro.' The author, who is an official in the Ministry of Labor and whose real name is MacMullan, employs as his central character, not a man, but a rumor. Like two other contemporary dramatists, G. B. S. and St. John Ervine, he comes to England from Ireland.

So far, no British managers have approached Mr. MacMullan — or 'Munro' — with a view to further productions. All the Stage Society can compass is two productions, which, to be sure, is better than nothing, but not quite all a dramatist requires. Critics are so nearly unanimous in praising the play, however, that there is a fair chance of later commercial production.

In the *Manchester Guardian*, 'I. B.' praises the new dramatist for possessing 'ideas fresh, witty, and veracious,' —qualities which go a long way toward making a dramatist. This critic continues: —

'"The Rumor" is defined as "a study in organization." Prizimia (pronounced Shimia, capital of Shimishake) is a Central European country fertilized by French and British capital and ravaged every fifty years by its mountain neighbors of Loria. English men of business, imagining that Loria is once more going to attack Shimia, to the great menace of their property, think the best way to rouse the Shimians to self-defence is to start a rumor that the Lorians are coming. There is no central character to this piece. There is just the rumor. And for eighteen scenes and about four hours we watch this rolling stone as it gradually assumes the proportions of an avalanche of war in which a lot of poor men are killed and a lot of rich men get richer.

'We begin with English suburban incredulity, and proceed to English suburban patriotism. An English girl, one Lena Jackson, has been killed in

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anti-Lorian riots in Shimishake. England must intervene to punish the Lorians. We see petitions at Downing Street; business men demanding blood, Labor demanding peace and being twirled round a Prime Minister's finger. Suburban patriotism rises to the occasion. Lena Jackson is the heroine of the photo-press. Battalions of suburban youth join up as "Lena Jackson's Own." Loria is taught a lesson. We see Britain, France, and Shimia reaching perfect concord at a peace conference when Lorian coal and iron are distributed on the fashionable principles of self-determination. Right is vindicated, Lena is avenged, and business as usual — or rather better — is reported by armament firms and Anglo-French capital. The rumor has done its work. Susceptible patriots need not take offence. "The names of Great Britain and France," we are told, "are used merely to typify any great modern States."

'The author has adopted the dramatic method of the German "expressionists." He takes his idea and shoots sidelights on it in detached scenes that ought in several cases to be far shorter and crisper than they are. Mr. Munro, writing for an intelligent audience, ought to give it credit for the ability to take his points up quickly. But in spite of his diffuseness, he is a dramatist holding the mirror up to human nature in politics, and informing social psychology with pity, irony, and humor. A hard play — but how excellent is this northeast wind after the stuffiness of stage drawing-rooms!'

'MODEL' DIALOGUE

'N. C.'— who deserves to be known to fame by more than two modest initials — offers, in the *Manchester Guardian*, the following lines as an example of the model on which modern authors build their 'oblique revelation of character in dialogue:'

'And so you ——?'

'Crudely speaking, yes. I might have . . .'

'But that would have involved another?'

Pearson looked at the right side of his shining briar.

'Involved?' he said. 'If you like . . . yes, even involved.'

Blake's eyes glistened.

'So that, even if ——?'

Pearson slightly inclined his head towards the window.

'Obviously.'

THE COURTEOUS CHINESE

Navayuga, 'a weekly journal devoted to national and international problems,' published at Guntur, India, occasionally inclines itself to the lighter side of life. It ascribes to a courteous Chinese editor the following rejection form: —

We have read your manuscript with infinite delight. Never before have we reveled in such a masterpiece. If we printed it the authorities would ordain us to take it for a model, and henceforth never print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal within ten thousand years, we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow, to return your divine manuscript, and for so doing we beg one million pardons!

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BOOKS ABROAD

La politica de los Estados Unidos en el continente americano, by Raul de Cárdenas. Havana: Sociedad editorial Cuba contemporánea.

[Marius André in *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine*]

THIS book is divided into three sections, treating first 'The Territorial Expansion' of the United States from 1783 to our own day, then 'The Monroe Doctrine,' and finally 'Preponderance in the Caribbean' (the Antilles, Central America, and Mexico). The book is, to put it concisely, a history of American expansion and of the Monroe Doctrine. There have not been so many books on the latter question for several years. I think it was M. Carlos Pereyra who started the race with his publication of *El mito de Monroe* in the middle of the war, which one might regard as mere pamphleteering if his criticisms, which are sometimes rather bitter, were not based on solid documentation.

In the present work, M. de Cárdenas endeavors to refute the Mexican Pereyra and the Brazilian Eduardo Prado, author of a remarkable book on *L'Illusion Yankee*. In his eyes a doctrine and not a myth is under discussion, and he strives — without, in our opinion, succeeding — to show that the Monroe Doctrine has been of benefit not only for the United States but also, and to an especial degree, for all Latin America, which without it would have been colonized by Europe during the nineteenth century.

'Europeans have occupied in Asia, Africa, and Oceania all the territories they could seize, and the American Continent would also have been subject to partition if the Monroe Doctrine had not been maintained.' M. de Cárdenas is putting it a little strong here, but he slips off the track altogether and commits a blunder when he mentions Liberia among the countries that have escaped the greed of the Great Powers of Europe. When he was writing his book, the Republic of Liberia had lost its independence and had become in fact a colony, not of France or England but of — the United States!

A few newspapers published — in fine print and without comment — some details of the treaty concluded between the African Republic and the Washington Government, which ended in this paragraph: 'The United States reserve the right of veto over the nomination of every official or agent of the Liberian Government [including, of course, the President] and the right of approval over the actions of these officials. They will revise Liberian legislation and will reorganize the armed forces, command of which will be exercised by American officers.'

Americanism: A World Menace, by W. T. Colyer. London: Labor Publishing Company, 1922. 6*s*.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. COLYER offers us the choice between 'Americanism' and Bolshevism. 'It is the conviction of the writer of this book that the world stage is now being cleared for a decisive struggle between Americanism and Communism.' We — and the other civilized people — must follow either the United States or Bolshevist Russia, he tells us; *tertium non datur*. And his object in posing the alternatives is to persuade the world — at any rate the 'workers' — to choose Russia. He seeks to do this, not by expounding the blessings of Bolshevism, on which he is silent, but by exposing the curse of Americanism. His argument is negative; it consists in a wholesale and whole-hearted indictment of American civilization.

In judging a book of this kind it is desirable to know something about the writer and his qualifications. His writing speaks for itself and commands respect. It is journalistic and polemical from the nature of the subject, but good. He has a sound style, terse, pungent and well-balanced, agreeably free from the rhetorical phrases and conventional clichés which are the stock-in-trade of most Marxian propagandists. This will be appreciated by readers weary of the Socialist barrel-organ grinding out the same interminable tune.

U. S. A. — Petites notes sur un grand pays, by F. de Clermont-Tonnerre. Paris: Grasset, 1922.

Une actrice française aux États-Unis, by Mme. Yorska. Paris: Edit. Fast, 1922.

[Charles Merki in *La Mercure de France*]

U. S. A. — Petites notes sur un grand pays is an odd little book by M. F. de Clermont-Tonnerre, about Yankeeland, of which the whole world is talking but which as yet is known only superficially; and so we may well heed some of his observations. . . .

Meals are very much speeded up in the United States. Eating is not a pleasure but something that has to be done. It is a need that one provides for as speedily as may be. In most restaurants there is neither daintiness nor refinement in the cooking. They have even reached the point of serving the whole meal on compartment plates, so that the diner can 'finish up' as soon as possible. We may pass over the menu. Water is the only drink — even salt water.

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And the United States have forbidden our wines. They have even required the casks to be emptied into the Hudson — after forbidding all alcoholic liquor, it is true. For those who like liquor there is no resource left but the drugstores, where special bars sell liquors to their taste.

M. F. de Clermont-Tonnerre's little book gives other curious details about the country and its inhabitants, and I am sorry I cannot deal with it further. It is a book to read.

Une actrice française aux États-Unis, the journal of Mme. Yorska, founder of the Theatre-Français in New York, runs from Christmas 1912 to the month of August 1914, goes through the long period of the war, and ends after the Armistice. . . . In the preface the author remarks that the American soldiers who came to France did not see France as she really is. The fact is that they were shown everything except the main thing.

H. G. Wells, by R. Thurston Hopkins. London: Cecil Palmer, 1922. 12*s*. 6*d*.

[*Sunday Times*]

MR. HOPKINS'S volume will take a respected place among the moderate-sized shelf-ful of books devoted to the exposition of the work and influence of Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Hopkins has much that is clever, much that is true, and much that is instructive or illuminating to say about his subject, and if his study is not entirely satisfactory, that is largely because few men who have ever held a pen have been more difficult to sum up succinctly than Mr. Wells.

Some Contemporary Artists, by Frank Rutter. London: Leonard Parsons, 1922. 6*s*.

[*Spectator*]

MR. RUTTER'S is the fourth of 'the contemporary series' published by Leonard Parsons, Ltd., in which novelists and poets have already been dealt with. We now have the volume on artists. As a popular exposition of the condition of contemporary English painting, Mr. Rutter's book is at least insufficient in range. The selection which he has made is not, as he hopes in the introductory chapter, 'representative and symptomatic of the varied ideals which animate British painting to-day.' He has, out of all judgment, chosen to bestow equal attention and almost equal praise on third-rate journalists in paint and some of our most sincere and able artists, and he has ignored the whole group of painters that march under the flag of Mr. Roger Fry and hang their trophies in the Independent Gallery — and elsewhere.

The Political System of British India, by E. A. Horne. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1922. 10*s*. 6*d*.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE MONTAGU ACT of 1919 not only gave India a new constitution, but brought into being an entirely new set of political problems, the working out of which is bound to be both swift and startling. Mr. Horne, therefore, has undertaken a necessary and, indeed, an urgent job. He belongs to the Indian Educational Service, and in this book has worked over the material of a term's lectures at Harvard University.

Mr. Horne summarizes the political changes through which British India passed between North's Act of 1773 and the Morley Councils, and then explains the Montagu Act and its consequences in the Legislative Assemblies. He is more successful in his treatment of such matters than in his attempt to set forth the nature of the emerging problems and of the revolutionary movement that was reaching its acute stage just as the reforms scheme came into being. Rather curiously, his admonitions are reserved for the Indian Moderates, the one party with which an English writer should be fully sympathetic. It rests with them, says Mr. Horne, to join hands with the Government in upholding the law and preserving order. But surely the essential point here is that, from Morley to Montagu and beyond, the bureaucracy and the Anglo-Indian commercial community together have made the position of the Indian Moderate almost insupportable.

BOOKS MENTIONED

RODD, THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. RENNELL. *Social and Diplomatic Memories*, 1884–1893. London: Edward Arnold and Co., 1922. 21*s*. net.

DUMAINE, CHARLES. *Conversations Latines*. Paris: Tralin, 1922.

BIANCHINI, C. *Davi Reditus ad Inferos*. Amsterdam: Royal Academy of Sciences, 1922.

SOFIA-ALESSIO, FATHER. *Asteria*. Amsterdam: Royal Academy of Sciences, 1922.

WATSON, SIR WILLIAM. *One Hundred Poems*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922.

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THIS WEEK

GENERAL VON MOLTKE, Chief of Staff of the German armies in 1914, makes some arresting statements in the chapter of his memoirs that leads off this issue of the *Living Age*. He shows how Germany, in spite of carefully laid plans, was undecided to the last in her military policy. More than this, you catch a glimpse of that despair which hastened the death of the German leader.

* * *

Some weeks ago, the *Living Age* published an original and stimulating article entitled, 'Forecasts.' Its author, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, now expounds, in 'Ethics and Technics,' a theory for bringing the human race to its highest possible development by a judicious blending of Religion and Science.

* * *

Nikolai Lenin — who has lately seen fit to adopt a hyphenated surname — recently delivered a speech apologizing for the Bolshevist Government's abandonment of Communist principles. Russia's new economic policy, which includes the recognition of capital, will, he assures us, prove the salvation of the country.

* * *

Letters to Victor Hugo from Mazzini and Garibaldi recall the days when Europe was agitated with the struggle for Italian liberty. The reformers of to-day still appreciate the debt they owe to these men, but they perhaps forget that conditions then were nearly as stormy as they are at this moment.

* * *

Another group of unpublished letters, and these from the pen of Goethe, also appear in this issue. They were written in his youth, while his character and genius were still forming, and they are, for that reason, of unusual importance in the history of his literary development.

* * *

M. de Tessan's article on 'Tiger Legends in Indo-China' is one more example of the present tendency in France to 'play up' the colonies. It almost seems, at times, as though French Imperialists cast envious eyes across the channel toward that robust literary champion of British Expansion — Rudyard Kipling. Khai Dinh, Emperor of Anam, was virtually forced to be present at the Colonial Exposition in Marseille. Now, M. de Tessan, after a sojourn in Indo-China, has returned to Paris to write frequent articles about various aspects of life there.

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THE LIBRARIES OF ANTIQUITY — *Professor Wilhelm von Wyss*
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